

The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO



Westward: Controls Over the American Frontier

COLIN B. GOODYKOONIZ

\$3.00 a year

SPRING, 1955

75 cents a copy

The Colorado Quarterly

Volume III, Number 4 • Spring, 1955

PUBLISHED BY

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Advisory Board:

W. OTTO BIRK
W. F. DYDE
CECIL EFFINGER
HEINZ HERRMANN, M. D.

CLAY P. MALICK
RUFUS D. PUTNEY
AUSTIN SCOTT
HAROLD F. WALTON
EUGENE H. WILSON

Editor:

PAUL J. CARTER

Assistant Editor:

ALEXANDER H. WARNER

Editorial and business address: THE COLORADO QUARTERLY, Hellems
103 West, The University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SUMMER, 1955

Special Colorado Number

MURIEL SIBELL WOLLE—God Goes West

HELEN RICH—Afternoon of a Troll (story)

CAROLINE BANCROFT—Folklore or Fact?

ANN MATLACK—The Story of Anne Ellis

LOUISA WARD ARPS—The Letters of Isabella Bird

Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; \$5.00 for two years; single copies, 75 cents each. Foreign rate: \$3.50 a year.

Issued quarterly in Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Spring by the University of Colorado. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Boulder, Colorado, July 1, 1952. Copyright, 1954, by the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

Unsolicited manuscripts, except those originating on the Boulder campus of the University, must be accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelope. Articles and stories of moderate length (4,000-6,000 words) are preferred.

The Colorado Quarterly

VOLUME III, NUMBER 4—SPRING, 1955

Contents

COLIN B. GOODYKOONTZ	Westward: controls over the American frontier	349
LILLIAN RUDOLPH	To a wastebasket (poem)	368
DOROTHY BALLOU STRUBEL	Waterhole claim (story)	369
WILLIAM STAFFORD	Two poems	379
JOHN ELY BURCHARD	Ariadne's thread	381
GEOFFREY JOHNSON	Albert Schweitzer (poem)	398
RALPH WATERBURY CONDEE	The great literary leg-pull	399
WILSON CLOUGH	House in Salem (poem)	407
J. W. COHEN	Technology and philosophy	409
HENRY BIRNBAUM	Fort Lincoln cemetery (poem)	420
DOROTHY VAN ARK	The wind (story)	421
RICHARD FOSTER	Virginal (poem)	431
C. N. STAVROU	William Faulkner's apologia: some notes on <i>A Fable</i>	432
ALLISON ROSS	Game out of hand (poem)	440
HAROLD WITT	A bee (poem)	441
EMILIE GLEN	Jungle gym (story)	442

About the authors, *pages 346, 449*

Recommended reading, *page 448*

Cover by ELEANOR LINDSTROM

Printed by the JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 839 Pearl, Boulder

About the authors

COLIN B. GOODYKOONTZ ("Westward: Controls over the American Frontier," p. 349) is Professor of History Emeritus at the University of Colorado. His books include *Home Missions on the American Frontier* and *The Papers of Edward P. Costigan Relating to the Progressive Movement in Colorado*. Professor Goodykoontz was selected for the University of Colorado Research Lectureship in 1954. He has adapted his lecture for the article in this issue of the *Quarterly*.

LILLIAN RUDOLPH ("To a Waste-basket," poem, p. 368) is a resident of Denver. Her poems have been published in *Laugh Book*, *Quatrain Digest*, *Section VIII*, *Blue Vulture*, *Pegasus*, *Times-Outlook*, *Humanist*, *Chatelaine* (Toronto), *Time*, and *The Colorado Quarterly* - Summer and Autumn (1953).

DOROTHY BALLOU STRUBEL ("Water-hole Claim," p. 369) lives in Greeley, Colorado, does case work for the Weld County Department of Public Welfare, and contributes regularly to the *Denver Post Empire Magazine*. Actively interested in the history of northeastern Colorado, Mrs. Strubel finds her story material in the recollections of early settlers on the drylands. Mr. Claude Harmon gave her the facts and names for "Waterhole Claim." The names are unchanged. An Oliver P. Kellogg was Speaker of the House in the First Wyoming State Legislature; however, Mrs. Strubel could find no record of his having been a United States Senator.

WILLIAM E. STAFFORD ("Two Poems," p. 379) contributed three poems to the Winter (1954) *Quarterly*. He teaches at Lewis and Clark College,

Portland, Oregon, and his poems have been published in many university reviews and general magazines.

JOHN ELY BURCHARD ("Ariadne's Thread," p. 381) has been Dean of the School of Humanities and Social Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1948. He is co-author of *The Evolving House* (3 vols.), *QED, A History of MIT during World War II*, and editor of *Mid-Century-The Social Implications of Scientific Progress*. "Ariadne's Thread" is Dean Burchard's revision of the address which he gave at the University of Colorado and the University of Denver in July, 1954, following his participation in the Aspen Conference on Design. His article analyzes the problems educators face in selecting subjects for general education courses. The MIT faculty has decided, according to *Time Magazine* (January 31, 1955), to permit selected students to spend at least forty per cent of their time studying the humanities and social sciences and to create a new degree for such students.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON ("Albert Schweitzer," poem, p. 398) has published poems in the leading English, Canadian, and American periodicals. Two of his poems appeared in the Spring (1954) *Quarterly*. He is a member of the editorial board of the Poetry Society of London and European editor of *Poetry Chapbook*. His ninth book of poems, *The Magic Stone*, will be published by Robert Hale (London) this spring.

RALPH CONDEE ("The Great Literary Leg-Pull," p. 399) is Assistant Professor of English Literature at the Pennsylvania State University. He first heard the critical uproar over Australia's mythical poet while sta-

(Continued on Page 449)

Westward: controls over the American frontier

COLIN B. GOODYKOONTZ

In a celebrated essay entitled "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," which was read at a meeting of the American Historical Association in 1893, Frederick Jackson Turner said: "The East has always feared the result of an unregulated advance of the frontier, and has tried to check and guide it." This is a challenging generalization by a great historian, whose name, above all others, has been associated with an interpretation of the history of the United States by reference to the West and the frontier. It suggests certain questions: why has the East been at odds with the West? what efforts have been made to control the advance of the frontier? how effective were these checks on frontiersmen?

At the outset, two terms, the "West" and the "frontier," should be defined as they are used in relation to the westward movement of population across the North American continent. By the West is meant those parts of the English colonies and the United States which at any given time lay beyond and generally to the west of the older and more thickly settled regions. The West in this sense was a moving West; it was here today and there tomorrow. It was in the Blue Ridge of Virginia when young George Washington surveyed the Fairfax estate; it was in Kentucky when Daniel Boone won fame as explorer and Indian fighter; it was in Colorado when the Fifty-niners scrawled "Pikes Peak or Bust" on their covered wagons. So viewed, almost every part of the United States has been at some time "out West."

The frontier was the farther edge of settlement, the region where settlement was new and sparse. As used in the census reports, the frontier line was the outer border of lands having a minimum of two inhabitants per square mile. The frontier was also described technically as the zone within which the population varied from two to six for each square mile. This fringe of settlement was usually to be found in the West, wherever that was; but

it could have been found now and then in parts of the East, as when Yankee frontiersmen went "way down east" into Maine. Generally speaking, frontiersmen were Westerners; and many Westerners, but not all, were frontiersmen. The West and the frontier have been almost interchangeable terms when used to designate the new settlements.

Since there was a West there must also have been an East, and traditionally the twain have never met. In America the differences between the East and the West, between the Atlantic coastal region and the interior, were rooted in divergent conditions of life. In the main, the people in the older communities had a more complex social organization, greater cultural advantages, and more wealth than those on the frontiers—all of which tended to create among them a feeling of superiority. Some Easterners talked as though they enjoyed also a moral preëminence over the men of the West, a region that had become a catch-all, so it was alleged, for the off-scourings of society, for the shiftless, the run-away debtors, and even for criminals who had fled the law. Typical of such disparaging comments about backwoodsmen is this statement by Timothy Dwight, sometime president of Yale College. In his *Travels in New England and New York* (New Haven, 1821-1822), President Dwight described the men of the frontiers as he had observed them at the opening of the nineteenth century:

A considerable part of those, who *begin* the cultivation of the wilderness, may be denominated *foresters* or *Pioneers*. The business of these persons is no other than to cut down trees, build log-houses, lay open forested grounds to cultivation, and prepare the way for those who come after them. These men cannot live in regular society. They are too idle; too talkative; too passionate; too prodigal; and shiftless; to acquire either property or character. They are impatient of the restraints of law, religion, and morality; grumble about the taxes, by which Rulers, Ministers, and School-masters are supported; and complain incessantly, as well as bitterly, of the extortions of mechanics, farmers, merchants, and physicians; to whom they are always indebted. At the same time, they are usually possessed in their own view, of uncommon wisdom; understand medical science, politics, and religion, better than those who have studied them through life; and, although they manage their own concerns worse than any other men, feel perfectly satisfied, that they could manage those of the nation far better than the agents, to whom they are committed by the public.

In the departure of these disgruntled misfits and failures from the older communities, Dwight took comfort. "In mercy," he added, "to the sober, industrious, and well-disposed, inhabitants, Providence has opened in the vast Western wilderness a retreat, sufficiently alluring to draw them away from the land of their nativity. We have many troubles even now; but we should have many more if this body of foresters had remained at home."

Other observers of that day deplored the decline of manners and morals that seemed to characterize life on the frontiers. The pioneers were in danger, according to F. Bowen, an eastern economist, of approximating the condition of the savages whom they had just dispossessed. As squatters, bushmen, and backwoodsmen, they were doomed to a "solitary, brutal existence, which destroys all true civilization, all sympathy with other men." Such strictures on the men of the West applied primarily to that early stage of settlement that stood in between the land in its natural state, where all seemed good to romantics, and the more mature society in which the outward marks of civilization were plainly in evidence. Clearings in the forest, stumps, deadened trees, log cabins—or sod houses on the treeless plains—had little about them that was attractive to the eye; and the pioneers often took on the color of the crudeness round about them.

However apprehensive certain Easterners may have been about the West and its inhabitants, they could not ignore it. In it were some of the most valuable natural resources of the nation. Important questions of public policy that concerned the whole country arose in or were closely associated with it: land, internal improvements, Indians, territorial expansion, free or slave labor in the territories. Westerners sometimes made demands, as with respect to banks and currency, that ran counter to the interests of the East. Moreover, the population of the West was growing very fast as the nineteenth century got under way, and its political power was increasing along with its numbers. In 1800 there were only two states west of the Alleghenies, and they had a combined electoral vote of seven out of a national total of 137. In 1824 the number of western states had increased to nine and their electoral vote to sixty-five, which was then nearly one-fourth of the whole. When Michigan entered the Union in 1837 it was the twenty-sixth state; the

original thirteen had been balanced by as many new ones, all but two of which were in the West. And more were to come soon—seven more by the outbreak of the Civil War. Perhaps the most striking manifestation of the growing political power of the West was the election of Andrew Jackson of Tennessee to the presidency of the United States in 1829. What was the country coming to, asked shocked Easterners, when a barbarian from the backwoods could be swept into the sacred White House! If one thing was clear in American politics by the Jackson era, it was that the West would soon control the nation or at least hold the balance of power. But what influences were to control the West?

One method of control was through limitations by governmental authority on new settlements in the West. During the colonial period there had been local restrictions on the activities of frontiersmen in separate colonies, but no general effort was made by the British to regulate the westward advance until the middle of the eighteenth century. By that time it had become apparent that greater centralization of control over the expanding frontiers was needed for defense, for the stabilization of Indian relations, and for the orderly planting of new colonies. There might have been a long-drawn out discussion over such questions as the value of the provinces and how they could best serve the interests of the mother country, had not the end of the French and Indian War in 1763 made necessary immediate action. Britain was now the owner of former French possessions in Canada and Louisiana; something had to be done at once to provide government in the newly acquired territory and to quiet the Indians who had gone on the war path under the leadership of Pontiac. The Proclamation of 1763 was issued to deal with this emergency. A line was drawn along the heads of streams flowing into the Atlantic, beyond which the colonial governors were forbidden to grant lands. One aim was to protect the natives against encroachments by land speculators and unscrupulous traders. It was a temporary arrangement pending the negotiation of treaties for land cessions, as a result of which the West might be progressively opened to settlement. The temporary nature of the prohibition was not made clear, however, and subsequent modifications of the policy, especially in the Quebec Act of 1774, provided the colonists with an op-

portunity to charge the British with an attempt to exclude them from lands to which they had title by their charters and into which they had a natural right to go. With Edmund Burke, they denounced the Ministry for its endeavor "to keep as a lair of wild beasts that earth which God has given to the children of men." These acts of the British were among the specific grievances listed in the Declaration of Independence; the United States began its separate political existence with a protest against an official check on westward expansion.

With the winning of independence, the West out to the Mississippi River passed to the United States and with it the responsibility for several western problems. One of these was how to protect the Indians from just such intrusions on their lands as had led to the Proclamation of 1763. President George Washington on several occasions called the attention of Congress to the "commission of outrages" by frontiersmen on Indians in violation of treaties and in defiance of the federal government. In explanation, if not in justification, of the continual encroachments on Indian reservations east of the Mississippi it was asserted that the whites needed the lands and that barbarism must give way before civilization. But what should be done with the red men? The Louisiana Purchase of 1803 provided a solution. Much of the new acquisition lay in the high plains area. That semi-arid region, if not the "great American desert" as some believed, was at least a grassland that was thought to be unfitted for the abode of white men. It could be made into a permanent Indian preserve. Beginning in the administration of President Monroe plans were made for an Indian territory to the west of Arkansas and Missouri. New treaties were made with the Indians; those already in the region were induced or compelled to move over so as to make room for tribes from the eastern side of the Mississippi. A line of forts was planned to help in the maintenance of order along the border. An Indian Intercourse Act (1834) was passed which prohibited the entrance of whites into the Indian country except by special permission. The Great White Father in Washington, who in 1835 happened to be a famous Indian fighter, Andrew Jackson by name, summarized in his message to Congress in that year what the government was doing for its copper-colored wards, and an-

nounced that "the pledge of the United States has been given . . . that the country destined for the residence of this people shall be forever secured and guaranteed to them." How long was this "forever"? Little more than a quarter of a century, except for that part of the Indian territory which was located in what is now Oklahoma. Hardly had the treaties been made with the natives than pioneers by the tens of thousands, some bound for the gold fields of California, others for Oregon or the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, began to cross the Indian country; soon came the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 and the planting of the first settlements in Kansas; next the gold rush to Colorado; then the building of the Union Pacific Railway—and the permanent Indian frontier was only a thing of shreds and tatters.

Both the Proclamation of 1763 and the so-called permanent Indian frontier of the nineteenth century represented attempts at planning for the West by some central authority. Both were intended to keep peace on the frontiers by running lines between the two races with guarantees of protection to each: to the red men against illegal encroachments on their lands; to the whites against atrocities that sometimes were almost indescribable in their savagery. Britain's attempt at regulation ended with the American Revolution, but it is doubtful whether all the king's horses and all the king's men could have enforced the Proclamation, at such long range, even if royal authority had not been challenged generally in the Thirteen Colonies. Certainly the United States, with presumably greater power on the frontiers, was not able to carry out a similar policy, despite solemn pledges to the Indians that the lands set aside for them should be theirs "so long as grass should grow and water flow."

Of the various official attempts to control the West, the one that best combined feasibility and adaptability to the end desired was the determination of the conditions on which land could be obtained. Land was one of the chief economic concerns of pioneers; only food and shelter took precedence over it, and they were derived directly from the land. The rate of advance of settlement depended in part on whether land was hard or easy to obtain; the direction of the westward movement was often influenced by the availability of land.

In the early part of the colonial period two principal plans for the disposal and settlement of new lands appeared: free choice in the middle and southern colonies and restricted choice in New England. In Virginia, which may be taken as typical of the colonies that allowed indiscriminate location, the normal method of acquiring land in the seventeenth century was through the head-right system. For each person, or head, brought into the colony fifty acres of land could be claimed. The grantee was permitted, generally speaking, to pick out his plot at will; natural metes and bounds—streams, trees, rocks, swamps—were used as lines and points of demarcation. This system of free choice, along with the extensive character of southern agriculture, led to a scattering of the people. There were few towns; parishes were large and the distance from home to church furnished ready excuse for irregular attendance at divine worship; public schools or other arrangements for community education were almost non-existent. But it was a highly individualistic land system and was conducive to a rapid advance of the frontier.

The New England town system stood in sharp contrast to this catch-as-catch-can southern plan. The normal method of acquiring land in New England was through a town, an organized local community. Towns were ordinarily planted under the direction of the colonial authorities. A group of prospective settlers, ready to "swarm" from one of the older communities, would petition the legislature for a town grant. Before the grant was made, an investigation was held which covered such points as the reliability of the applicants, their willingness and ability to organize a church and to obtain the services of a minister, and the site of the new town in relation to the defense of the colony. If the report were favorable, a specific amount of land, both in size and location, would be granted to the town proprietors. Ordinarily each settler in the new town was given a house lot and one or more tracts of land for farming. He secured title to a definite plot of ground which had been marked out before it passed into his possession. Community life was encouraged "for safety, Christian communion, school, civility, and other good ends." The house lots were small, only a few acres at most, and were clustered together in the village, as the thickly settled part of the town was called.

There may have been a block house in or near the village for defense; there probably was a meeting house on the village green; presumably a public school was provided in order, as stated in the Massachusetts school law of 1647, to thwart "ye ould deluder, Satan," one of whose "chief proiects" it was "to keepe men from the knowledge of ye Scriptures." The affairs of the town were discussed and attended to in town meeting. Here was the most closely regulated method of settlement that was ever tried in the English colonies or the United States, except perhaps in certain other communities, such as those of the Mormons, where there was also a close bond in religious faith. Did the New Englanders, who ordinarily were not permitted in the seventeenth century to move to the frontiers at will, and who lived under close supervision in their towns, find life irksome? There were some no doubt who did, but on the whole this ordered existence seemed good to the people of the land of settled habits. They believed that true liberty is to be found under law. These two land systems, the southern and the New England, are significant, not only as contrasting modes of settlement, but also because they furnished precedents for later use both by those who favored and those who opposed placing restraints on the frontiers.

One test of such restraints came at the end of the Revolution when the new government of the United States began to devise a policy for the control and disposal of the public lands, which at that time extended as far west as the Mississippi River. In Congress, it was the consensus that land should be sold so as to provide revenue to help pay the debt incurred in the war for independence and that there should be an orderly advance of settlement. The basic law was the Land Ordinance of 1785. It provided for the survey of land into rectangular townships, each six miles square; the land was to be sold at public auction, half in sections of 640 acres and half in townships of 36 sections, at a minimum price of \$1.00 per acre. Although the plan combined features of both the southern and the New England land systems, it drew more heavily on the latter than the former. Survey was to precede sale and settlement, thus reserving to central authority a check on the westward advance. Title was passed to definite, easily identified plots of land, all described in simple terminology by reference to established meridians and base lines. In order to carry out the

plan, and especially to secure the full monetary return due the government, it was necessary that those who had settled on the public domain without authorization should be removed. Congress issued a proclamation in June 1785, warning the "several disorderly persons" who had occupied lands illegally to depart forthwith "as they shall answer the same at their peril." The Army was instructed to drive off the squatters, as the intruders were called; troops were sent down the Ohio, expelling the interlopers and burning their cabins. It was a futile gesture; no sooner had the soldiers turned their backs than the disobedient pioneers returned to their claims. If challenged as to their rights, they might have replied in the words of men of the same region a few years earlier that they would not be "deprived and robbed of those Lands & that Country to which by the Laws of Nature & of Nations they are entitled as the First Occupants."

Congress was under the control of Easterners when the Ordinance of 1785, which stressed revenue features in land policy, was passed. As the West grew in population and power in national councils its influence was used to shift the objective from revenue to settlement. The introduction of a credit arrangement in land sales in 1800 was a step in that direction. The results were unfortunate in that excessive speculation in land was encouraged, and so in 1820 cash sales were again required; but the minimum tract was reduced to 80 acres and the standard price was set at \$1.25 per acre. Squatting, or entry before purchase, remained illegal. To remove this official limitation on the free movement of settlers became one of the aims of the West. There was little danger that squatters would be expelled from their illicit holdings; the federal government had found its efforts in that direction ineffective. Squatters could buy the lands they had seized after they had been surveyed and put on sale; but the first sales were at public auction and the occupants might be compelled to pay more than the minimum price, in case of competition, or yield to a higher bidder and thus be forced to move and leave behind the improvements they had made. On some frontiers the pioneers united in claims clubs to protect their interests at the auctions by collusive action to forestall competition among themselves and by threats or violence to scare away outside bidders. Such expedients, which were extra-legal if not illegal, did not satisfy the West, which

wanted the government to grant the privilege of preëmption. Preëmption meant the right of a settler on the public domain to buy a limited amount of land at the minimum price when it went on sale. Preëmption became an important issue between the East and the West, a major test of strength over the imposition of controls on the frontier.

Legally the squatters were in a weak position; they were law breakers. Henry Clay, himself a Westerner, denounced them as a "lawless rabble." "They might as well seize upon our forts, our arsenals, or on the public treasure as to run out and seize upon the public lands," said Clay. Concessions to one set of law violators, it was pointed out, would tend to break down the entire system of law enforcement. Moreover, the effect of preëmption would be to deprive the government of the higher returns it might expect to receive at the auctions if the more desirable parcels were sold at competitive bidding; preëmption was incompatible with the revenue policy in land sales which had not yet been completely abandoned. Another objection to preëmption was that it encouraged indiscriminate location on land, led to dispersion of population, and a consequent decline in cultural and moral standards.

On the other hand, impassioned arguments were presented in behalf of the squatters and their claims to preëmption rights. Much was made of the great service rendered by the pioneers in opening trails. As Congressman John Norvell of Michigan put it: "They have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose—the desert to smile with gladness and joy." With respect to their illegal entry on the public lands, two excuses were made: first, the slowness of the official surveyors in running the township and section lines—were enterprising pioneers to be held back by technicalities? Second, their poverty; they often lacked the means to make the necessary cash payments when they reached the frontiers and hence settled in the vacant spaces hoping by their labor to secure the money with which to buy land later. And was it a crime to be poor? Was there a better place to be born than in a log cabin?

Westerners demanded to know why the East opposed preëmption and cheap land on the frontiers. Was it not due to Eastern selfishness and to sectional jealousies? Westerners professed to be-

lieve that Eastern employers wanted to prevent their workers from leaving for the West lest a labor shortage force up wages for their underpaid operatives; that property owners feared that land values would decline if people abandoned house and farm for the greater attractions of the West; that politicians were alarmed as the older states lost numbers and political power. According to Senator Ambrose Sevier of Arkansas, "Eastern opponents of preëmption would sooner see the people in poverty, rags, and misery in their country than rich, happy and prosperous in ours." It was out of such sectional recriminations over land policy, although not specifically on preëmption, that the famous Hayne-Webster debate of 1830 arose.

Some of the Eastern opposition to preëmption and other concessions to the West was no doubt selfish, as charged; but it was based in part on disinterested patriotism and a vision of possible benefits for the whole country if the public domain were used for the common good instead of for the immediate advantage of settlers and speculators. The principal advocate of this notion was John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States. True, he was an Easterner, yes, a New Englander; but few men in public life have ever tried harder to rise above sectional and partisan interests. He was a nationalist who believed that the powers of the federal government should be used vigorously to achieve the aims set forth in the Constitution. He envisioned a grand project of internal improvements to be financed from the proceeds of the public lands. In his inaugural address in 1825 he referred to the splendor of the public works of the ancient republics, and he reminded his hearers that the roads and aqueducts of Rome have been the admiration of later ages. In his first annual message to Congress he suggested that after the public debt had been paid, the receipts from the sale of lands be made "to reflow in unfailling streams of improvement from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." Internal improvements were usually thought of as roads and canals, but Adams wanted more than material progress; he desired also "moral, political, intellectual improvement." He felt that the United States had an obligation to contribute to the advancement of science, to voyages of exploration, for example, and to the building of astronomical observatories—lighthouses of the sky, he called them. He thought it proper that such ambitious under-

takings, which were beyond the proper range of the activities of any one individual or state, should be financed from the proceeds of the common property of the nation, the public lands. To carry out such a program would mean adherence to the revenue policy and the rejection of preëmption. It would mean planning for the West and reserving some of the lands for future sales or leases. It would involve a regulated advance of the frontier. It would mean continuous exercise of strong federal power.

President Adams, however, was never called on to spell out the details of his plan. Violent opposition arose at once to such a program of nationalism, and it was lost in a welter of sectional and factional conflict. The States' Rights people would have none of it because they wished to minimize, not enlarge, the activities of the central government. The Slaveocracy, as Adams called the dominant group in the South, saw dangers in precedents of vigorous federal action that might be invoked some time to justify interference with slavery. Westerners, in spite of their nationalistic tendencies, were not ready to give up their immediate advantages from cheap lands and preëmption. Adams was indignant over what he regarded as reprehensible Western selfishness. At the time of extended debate over preëmption he made this caustic entry in his famous Diary (June 14, 1838): "The thirst of a tiger for blood is the fittest emblem of the rapacity with which the members of all the new States fly at the public lands."

The battle over a general preëmption law ended in 1841, when what was known as the "log-cabin" bill was passed. It is true that it was tied to a bill for the distribution of the proceeds of the sale of lands among all the states, a concession to the East, but it was distinctly a Western victory. A squatter on the public lands was given the right to buy at the minimum price when it went on sale the quarter section on which he had settled and made certain improvements. Unlike earlier preëmption laws, which had been special and limited in scope and time, this law was general and unlimited; it was prospective rather than retrospective. It was in effect an invitation to squatters to go where they pleased on the public domain and pick out what they chose with the assurance that they could buy, if they so wished, at the standard price and without competition. What had been a misdemeanor now was

recognized and rewarded as a virtue. So far as the orderly settlement of the public domain was concerned, the bars were down. Another attempt to impose controls on the West had been abandoned.

The later history of the preemption law was especially discouraging to those who had visions of a regulated advance of the frontier and the use of the public domain for the general welfare. Although there was no longer need or justification for preemption after the Homestead Act was passed in 1862, preemption was permitted until 1891. But it became a scandal after the Homestead law was enacted, since it was used extensively by speculators and others who wished to engross natural resources—grass, water, timber, coal—to enrich themselves and to defeat the main purpose of the homestead system, which was to give land to the landless.

In the nineteenth century some of the most effective checks on frontiersmen were unofficial and acted in the realm of the spirit. Various Protestant religious and educational societies, operating from bases in the East, concerned themselves with moral, religious, and educational conditions in the West. Their motives were primarily religious. They were disturbed over reports of irreligion and moral delinquency on the frontiers. Pioneers were not necessarily less godly by nature than those who had remained in the older communities; but, as frontiersmen, they were generally poor and unable, even if willing, to provide themselves with churches and ministers. Books, including the Bible, were few in number. Little attention was paid to Sabbath observance. Educational facilities were meager. If some Easterners bemoaned the godlessness of the West, others complained that there was too much religion of the wrong sort on the frontiers. They condemned excessive emotionalism as manifested in revivals and camp-meetings; they looked askance at certain sects that flourished in the new settlements; as Protestants, they viewed with alarm the growing power of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States and the activities in the West of various European Catholic missionary societies, such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the *Ludwigsmiissionsverein*, and the *Leopoldine Stiftung*. Here was a situation which seemed to call for action by pious

Easterners: as Christians, they felt responsibility for the spiritual welfare of their neighbors; as citizens, they wished their ideals and principles to prevail throughout the nation.

Whatever the motives, one of the most significant aspects of American Protestantism in the nineteenth century was the attempt of the various denominations to keep up with the expanding frontier through the home missionary movement. Some of the churches worked through their own ecclesiastical organizations; others through voluntary local or national societies. The Congregationalists and one branch of the Presbyterians coöperated from 1826 to 1861 in the American Home Missionary Society, a voluntary national organization not under the control of any one church; after the New School Presbyterians withdrew, it became Congregational and later changed its name to indicate its definite denominational connection. The Old School Presbyterians worked through their Board of Home Missions, which was subject to their General Assembly. The Methodists established a Missionary and Bible Society; the Baptists, the American Baptist Home Mission Society; the Protestant Episcopalians, a Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. The objects of these societies were much the same: all tried to reach on the frontiers and keep within the fold those who had been affiliated with their respective communions in the East; all sought to make converts and to recruit new members; all urged moral conduct and called on men to renounce the devil and all his works; all stressed preaching, Bible reading and prayer, and regular church attendance; all put emphasis on personal salvation.

Thousands of ministers of the gospel were sent into the West and were supported in whole or in part by eastern contributions; millions of dollars were spent for salaries and other subsidies; hundreds of churches were established. In the realm of the spirit, statistics of church membership and contributions of money only scratch the surface of reality; useful as they are, they do not necessarily disclose who or how many renounced their sins, found a new meaning in life and a hope in death, as the result of the labors of some home missionary pastor. However, in so far as figures indicate achievement, it may be noted that the Presbyterians have estimated that nine-tenths of all their churches west of New York

were organized by home missionary preachers; that the Congregationalists have credited four-fifths of their western churches to the work of the American Home Missionary Society. Similar estimates have been made by the other religious groups which engaged extensively in home missionary activities. Protestantism did meet the challenge of the expanding frontier; in the West as elsewhere religion was a potent means of social control.

Religion and education went hand in hand in the home missionary movement, as indeed they have always done in America. Harvard, the first college in English North America, was founded to train ministers of the gospel; Yale and Princeton had their roots in religious faith, as did also Dartmouth and the College of William and Mary. And so it was in the West, where religious leaders, Catholic and Protestant, contributed greatly to the establishment of schools and improvement of educational standards. Of the many services rendered to education in the West by Protestant home missionaries, there is space to mention only one, the founding of colleges. The connection between home missionary preaching and higher education was clearly indicated by the members of the Yale Band when they made plans to engage in missionary activities in Illinois. These young men were ordained ministers whose first obligation was to preach the gospel; but they believed that they could greatly increase their effectiveness if they established a Christian college as the center of their activities. Such an institution, they hoped, would be a source of inspiration and a gift to the West of incalculable worth. Before the Band left New Haven, ten thousand dollars had been raised for the proposed college. It was not a large sum, but those were days of small beginnings, and with it the foundations of Illinois College were laid in Jacksonville in 1830.

A recital of the names of all the colleges founded in the West under home missionary auspices would be tedious; many of them are gone and forgotten, but among the survivors are names of distinction. A few examples will suggest the magnitude of this particular contribution to the cultural life of the nation. Among the colleges in Ohio with home missionary backgrounds are Oberlin, Western Reserve, Marietta, and Kenyon; in Michigan, Albion, Hinsdale, Kalamazoo, and Olivet; in Indiana, Wabash, Hanover,

and DePauw; in Illinois, Knox and Shurtleff in addition to Illinois College; in Wisconsin, Beloit, Lawrence, and Ripon; in Minnesota, Carleton; in Iowa, Grinnell and Iowa Wesleyan; in Missouri, Drury, Park, and William Jewell; in Nebraska, Doane and Hastings; in Kansas, Washburn; in California, Occidental; in the Pacific Northwest, Whitman, Willamette, and Pacific University; in the Centennial State, Colorado College. Who can assess their value?

It is, of course, impossible for us to measure precisely the extent of the influence of missionary preachers and teachers in the West. They were spiritual leaders who stood for idealism in the midst of materialism. Such controls as they exerted were intangible; but we have it on good authority that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

"The East," to quote Professor Turner again, "has always feared the result of an unregulated advance of the frontier, and has tried to check and guide it." Why, as has been noted, did certain of these well-meant efforts fail? An answer to this question should take into account several notions which were widely held by Americans and particularly by the people of the West. It was generally believed: (1) That the best use of the public lands was for the encouragement of settlement; it was neither necessary nor desirable to stress the revenue aspects of land policy after the public debt had been paid. (2) Land and other natural resources of the United States were so plentiful that there was no need to be niggardly in their use. (3) The pioneers were public benefactors; such personal gains as they made were their just rewards for their enterprise, their labor, and their risks. (4) The rapid growth of the United States in power and wealth was a matter of pride and a result in large part of the development of the West. (5) The acquisitive instinct was natural; the acquisition of wealth was commendable. (6) Individualism was an essential part of the American system; there should be a minimum of governmental control of the affairs of the people. In the West there was a homely saying that "a fool could put on his coat better than a wise man could put it on for him."

These opinions, although generally held on the frontiers, were not unique among Westerners. The whole country was aggressive

and expansionist, given to hurry-scurry, and inclined to worship at the altar of bigness. In accordance with the spirit of the times, men who got rich quick were praised for their shrewdness, envied for their good fortune, and honored for their success.

The application of these principles to public land policies was easy. A preëemption law and the generous use of all natural resources seemed reasonable and expedient. It was obviously to the advantage of the West to expand rapidly in numbers and wealth. It was easy to argue that the whole country would share in the resultant increase in wealth and power. But what of the schemes of the visionary John Quincy Adams? They had been designed to benefit all parts of the nation. So far as the West was concerned a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. It had within its grasp, through a liberal land policy, advantages that were immediate, direct, and tangible; the benefits from the Adams program were remote, indefinite, and uncertain. Preëemption, reduced to concrete terms, meant to a pioneer the right to buy for \$200 the quarter section that might some day be in the heart of the metropolis of the West, or, failing that, make a good farm. His share of the returns from a voyage of exploration or an astronomical observatory, financed by the government from the sale of that and other quarter sections at some time in the distant future, must by comparison have seemed small indeed.

It is easy to look back and to say that a slower and more orderly advance of the frontier would have been desirable; but as realists we must recognize that public opinion in the West did not sanction the restraints that were imposed by the federal government either with respect to the occupation of vacant lands or the maintenance inviolate of Indian preserves. The moral is clear: in a republic law enforcement depends basically on public opinion. But public opinion, it is to be hoped, can be changed through education.

If it be granted that under the conditions that existed in this country during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries it was not feasible to prevent squatting on vacant agricultural lands and if it be recognized that it was inevitable that the Indians would have to give way before the advance of the whites, does it follow that all restraints were unreasonable and impractical and that no curbs

should have been imposed on the West? Did a choice have to be made between gallop and goose step across the continent? Goose step, of course, is not in the American tradition; but gallop may lead to trouble, since haste makes waste. Was there not a middle gait? A more orderly and slower advance of the frontiers might well have been imposed in certain respects, not only in fairness to the natives who had been dispossessed of their ancestral lands but also for the sake of the members of the conquering race who claimed a share in the common property of the nation. Even in the lush days of the "great barbecue" when there seemed to be more than enough for all and the cry was "come and get it," it should have been evident that irreplaceable natural resources were being shamefully wasted or exploited so as to create swollen fortunes for a few utterly selfish individuals who had little sense of social responsibility. If the conservation of natural resources had become necessary in the time of Theodore Roosevelt, a little of it would have been good in the days of Jackson and Grant.

Examples of lost opportunities to impose wholesome restraints on the use of land and other natural resources could easily be given; one of the most obvious at the present time comes from the Dust Bowl area of the high plains. Fixing responsibility for this calamity is too complicated for easy generalization. There may have been cupidity on the part of some who were tempted by the high price of wheat, or bad judgment by others, or even patriotic fervor among those who were told that "food will win the war." It is clear enough that the combination of the plow, a drought, and wind in a region of scanty rainfall can have disastrous results. Suppose some agency of the federal government, which once owned much of this land, had parted with it to individuals only on condition that it be used primarily for grazing or in some other manner so as to check erosion, would such curbs on free enterprise and individual initiative have been un-American?

In this connection, if space permitted, it would be instructive to examine in detail the experience of our neighbor to the north in dealing with its public lands. Canada had a West, a westward movement, a frontier. In general Canadian land policies were evolved after and in part patterned on those of the United States. There are several similarities: both have used rectangular surveys,

made land grants to railways, and given homesteads to settlers. However, the westward movement there was carried out in a more orderly fashion than here in at least three respects: more protection has been thrown around the natives or *metis* against lawless white men; the rule that survey should precede settlement has been enforced more strictly; and squatting on the public lands has not been permitted. It appears that a tighter rein has been held over frontiersmen to the north than to the south of the 49th parallel, and that without the loss of any essential freedoms.

Granted lawlessness on the frontiers of the United States and selfishness to the point of greediness; granted deplorably low standards of judging those who put private gain above public good; granted the ineffectiveness of many controls that were imposed on the westward movement—still conditions might have been worse. The West, in spite of the weakness of official restraints and the inevitable lessening of the force of conventional social and moral checks on conduct as men move from old to new settlements, did not sink to the depths of moral degradation, at least not generally or permanently; nor did society fall apart at the seams. There were towns that for a time well deserved to be called "Hell-on-wheels," or "Rogues-harbor," but not for long. The Wild West was not so wild as the readers of Beadle's dime novels might have imagined. Spontaneous systems of government created for emergencies, such as the Mayflower Compact, the Watauga Association, and the Territory of Jefferson, all attest to the self-governing capacity of the American people. There was always to be found among many in the West, as in the East, the highest form of control among free men, self-control. There should have been more of it on the frontiers, but we may be thankful for what there was; and we should recognize our indebtedness to those men and women who helped develop and encourage it.

What are the sources from which self-control draws its inspiration? Are they not in large part religion and education? If so, Theodore Roosevelt's remarks on the importance of the home missionary movement take on added significance. This is what he said on the occasion of the Presbyterian Centennial of Home Missions in 1902:

The century that has closed has seen the conquest of this continent

by our people. To conquer a continent is rough work . . . ; but it would be difficult to overestimate the value of the missionary work of those who go out to share the hardships, and while sharing it, not to talk about but to wage war against the myriad forms of brutality It is because of the spirit that underlies the missionary work, that the pioneers are prevented from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. . . . Without it the life of this country would have been a life of inconceivably hard and barren materialism. . . . Honor, thrice honor, to those who for three generations, during the period of the people's great expansion, have seen that the force of the living truth expanded as the nation expanded.

President Roosevelt's statement was made with special references to Protestant home missionaries in the West. The same tribute could be paid to all men and women of whatever religious faith or calling in life who have used their influence anywhere to inculcate the principles by which men learn how to control themselves. Official controls are necessary in our complex society, but among free men no control can take the place of self-control. "The letter killeth," said Saint Paul, "but the spirit giveth life."

TO A WASTEBASKET

By LILLIAN RUDOLPH

All of my life is in you
My breath and my blood and my brain
You are vacuous, yawny, objective
You praise not, nor disdain
I cannot take you or leave you
To unchartered time or place
But in your confines I always shall see
A mocking, mirthless face.

Waterhole claim

DOROTHY BALLOU STRUBEL

Back in the 1880's, when Colorado was a young state and when Wyoming was still a territory, politicians, like other settlers, were often on the move. If a little flurry of public activity didn't go so well or the political waterholes dried up, that was bad luck, and like settlers who'd been frozen out or burned out, they'd move on to someplace else. And there was plenty of country to move to!

Sometimes it was probably a blessing for the people who stayed that some of these birds did move on, but they were usually fun while they were around. Anyway, "our" senator was just about the most exciting thing that ever happened to us.

It was in the spring of 1887. I was nine years old. We Harmon kids considered ourselves practically old settlers in eastern Colorado, just a few miles from the present site of the town of Holyoke. Of course we'd just spent one winter there, but what a winter it had been.

We'd arrived in Colorado to start proving on our homestead in November in the midst of one of those ornery little fall blizzards. There were two families of us. Mother and Father and five of us kids, and Uncle Dave and his wife and two kids.

Our family finally settled into a deserted sod house, about ten by twelve, not actually on our land, but close enough. And in that snowstorm it looked mighty good to us. But looking back, I can't help thinking that to my mother and father the deserted soddy must have seemed like pretty discouraging evidence that it wasn't going to be easy to beat this country. Somebody—before us—hadn't made a go of it.

Uncle Dave and his family moved in with Francis Kellogg, the locator and surveyor. Francis Kellogg's "house" was about a mile and a half from us, a soddy like ours with dirt floors and so low a man had to stoop to get in. But "France" was lonesome. "You folks," he said to Uncle Dave, "have a smaller family. You winter with me. I've been batching here for two mortal years now. I need company."

And that's how we kids got to know France Kellogg, though we'd heard plenty about him. He'd "located" Father and Uncle Dave the summer before. And when they came back to North Platte, Nebraska, to move us all out to our new homestead, they were full of tales about tall, gentle-spoken young France Kellogg, who was a prime surveyor and who wore the "biggest, slouchiest slouch hat you kids ever seen."

Besides that, we'd seen his business cards in every store window all the way across western Nebraska and at Julesburg, Colorado: "Francis Kellogg, Locator and Surveyor," and under that in smaller letters, the township where he was located and the section number.

And the way you found him—of course there were no roads or section lines or anything to go by—you struck out south from Julesburg with your team, and using a pocket watch as a compass at noon and counting the miles by the hours your team travelled, you tried to go from waterhole to waterhole, then travel the right number of miles west. Anyway, that's the way we finally found France Kellogg in a snowstorm, in November of '86, and backed into that little soddy to winter.

Winter that year was no joke. I'd guess that that winter of 1886-87 was one of the worst ones Colorado has ever seen. Settlers and stock froze out and starved out all around us. And lots of the ones who lived through the "worst" of the winter finally got it in February in what they called "the Big Freeze."

It was a sudden thing, the Big Freeze. Tons of snow fell, driven by a wind so strong that we could only huddle in our soddy and hope that the thing would stand before it. And it all came out of one of those bright winter days when you work out in shirt sleeves and everybody believes in spring again.

But the worst of it was the awful lonesomeness. Our nearest neighbors, France Kellogg and Uncle Dave's family, might just as well have been across the world from us, and until the Big Freeze was over, we had no way of knowing what was happening to them. Everyone who lived through the Big Freeze had a tale to tell, but nobody heard it until it was all over.

Cattle froze or starved to death, standing in their tracks. One little lost steer, just a skeleton he was, wandered up back of our

soddy and froze to death where he stood, leaning against the wall. He was so poor, nothing but hide and bones, that when the thaw came, he never did fall over, just stood there with his little head hanging down for three or four years, long after we'd built a house on our own land and moved out of the soddy. We kids thought the world of that little critter. He was our "statue."

But the Big Freeze had been in February, and by April we Harmon kids, too young to dread another winter, had forgotten all about it. It was spring, and we were getting to be old settlers as fast as we could. Already we had trailed across miles of the thickest buffalo grass you ever saw, climbed the sandhills, travelled the waterholes, "helping" France Kellogg with his surveying. France was a quiet sort of man, in his early twenties then, I'd guess. He spoke very correctly in an accent that Westerners nowadays call "Harvard," and he was sort of a hero to my older brother Elmer and me and to our younger sister Cappy. We never missed a chance to go along with France. I don't know, maybe we learned something about surveying that spring, but I'm sure we learned a lot about the country. France knew every inch of it, and he was sure it would be all settled up within a short time, divided into prosperous little farms, as neat as New England. Poor old France. He didn't guess, any more than we ignorant kids did, that within five years all but two of the dozens of homesteaders he was locating would be beaten by and driven out of the tough Colorado drylands.

It was spring again, though, and everybody was cheered up; the Buffalo grass was a four-inch mat everywhere, and we all believed that we were tougher than the country.

So, as I say, we Harmon kids felt like old settlers on that April day in 1887, when the strange-looking couple got down from a settler's wagon and walked into Adlin's Store, where we were waiting for Father to finish his trading.

Strange-looking couple, did I call them? Kids nowadays would be no more astonished to see a pair of men from Mars than we were when we saw those two. I know now that they were just a well-dressed, middle-aged couple from the East. But to us little prairie rats, who had never before seen a cutaway coat, or a boiled shirt, or a top hat—at least not worn correctly and all at

once by the same man—to us kids who couldn't remember ever seeing a woman out in a veil and a dress that sort of swooshed up in ruffles and furbelows from front to back—to us, they were creatures from out of this world.

Were they to be new neighbors? The settler's wagon they'd come in had driven on. Where was their team, their household goods? Silent, and with our eyes popping, we followed the tall, erect gentleman and the dainty lady into the store.

"I'm looking for Francis Kellogg," the man said. He had a sort of booming voice. "I have his business card here—" We kids decided that they were going to be neighbors, after all. France Kellogg located everybody around there.

"France Kellogg?" Father stepped forward. "Why, he lives just a mile and a half from our place. Harmon's my name."

"Honored, Mr. Harmon," the big man boomed. "My name is Kellogg. I'm Francis' father, and this—" he turned to the lady, "—this is his mother, Mrs. Kellogg."

"We've come to surprise him." The lady's voice was low but sort of excited.

"France's father and mother!" Father exclaimed. "And he didn't know you was coming?" Father stared. "You got your team? I'd be happy to show you where France lives."

"We have no—er, team, Mr. Harmon," Mr. Kellogg said. "A—er—that is, a settler very kindly offered to bring us this far. We've had several 'lifts' from Julesburg."

Father stared again. "Well, we'll give you another. Elmer! Claude! Look alive there. Get that wagon loaded. We've a long way to go." He turned again to the strange-looking couple. "Come to surprise him, eh? Well, I'll wager old France'll be surprised, all right."

And while I was getting a sack of flour by the counter, I overheard Father talking to the storekeeper. "—but I'll bet old France won't be the only one to be surprised, eh?"

On the slow ride home we kids, sprawled in the bed of the wagon, could hardly keep our eyes off the big man in the top hat and the fine-looking lady. "Beautiful country. Great possibilities," Mr. Kellogg would boom out every so often, between asking Father about how you proved out a homestead and about

farming and stock. The lady didn't say anything. Just sat on the narrow seat between Father and Mr. Kellogg, without moving.

Once, while Father was explaining something, I whispered to Elmer and Cappy, "Isn't it nice that Uncle Dave has moved in with France? Now his mother and father won't find him living all alone." Because young as we kids were, and green, we knew all about the settler's terror of lonesomeness. Elmer and Cappy nodded, and we all smiled at Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg's backs.

"Wonder what old France'll say," Elmer whispered. "Bet it'll be a surprise."

Well, all I can say about the "surprise" is that it was a stunner. France was stunned, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg were stunned, Uncle Dave's family were all stunned, and I guess we kids were the most stunned of all.

Because far from thinking it was nice that France didn't have to live all alone, the fact that Uncle Dave's family lived in the little soddy, too, seemed to bother the Kelloggs more than anything else. "You live here, Francis—in this—with all these people?" The boom was all gone from Mr. Kellogg's voice. And even the fact that France hadn't had his hair cut for more than six months, though it seemed to shock her, didn't distress Mrs. Kellogg as much as the way he lived. "Francis, Francis," she sobbed. "You've had a college education, Francis. You deserve to live better than—than this!"

And all of a sudden we kids got a glimmer of what that ten-by-twelve soddy, with its dirt floor and five people living in it, must have looked like to these two, who were used to houses where there were floors under your feet, and rooms, and hallways, and a door on every room.

Just the same, we were puzzled. We knew that France Kellogg had run away from his home back East three years ago, on an adventure spree. But now his mother and father had come all the way out here to surprise him, and we could see that it certainly wasn't a very happy reunion for any of them that day.

"Take them over to your place," France said finally to Father. "I'll freshen up a bit, bring my team over, and take them back to Holyoke. They can't even stay the night here. If I'd only known they were coming, I'd have met them in Julesburg!"

We kids could hardly bear the miserable look on France's face.

The short, jolting ride to our place was almost completely silent, except for when Mrs. Kellogg was crying. Once Cappy pulled at my sleeve. "Maybe France's mother would cheer up," she whispered, "if we'd show her our statue—you know, of the little steer that got frozen." For a minute I was hopeful. But Elmer frowned. "She wouldn't like it," he said. "Mother don't."

Mother never had liked the little dead steer, said it was morbid to keep him. Mother wasn't very big, and she was never very strong. But she was a pioneer, a settler from first to last. I think she understood from the beginning, even more than Father or any of us, that our hard times were by no means over, even if it was spring. And when she saw how much joy we kids took in that little old dead steer, she let it stay, and didn't say much.

We never heard Mother complain much, anyway, of our life in those hard days, though it must have been cruel on her. And she was hardly flustered that day when Father came home bringing a strange lady who cried all the time and a tall, top-hatted man whose son had disillusioned him.

They must be fed, of course, and if they all sat down there wouldn't be room for us kids, so we were sent outside to play. But nothing could have dragged us very far away. Mostly, we sat by the doorstep and listened.

Mrs. Kellogg sat on the bed that wasn't folded up against the wall, and Mother worked around her, from the stove to the table. Father and Mr. Kellogg sat on two boxes by the wall, and they mumbled at each other once in awhile. Pretty soon, they stepped out past us kids and strolled over toward where Father was building our house.

"We thought Francis was making a real success out here," Mrs. Kellogg said finally. "In his letters, he told us—and we were so proud to see his cards all across the country—and now—now—" She was crying again. "To find him—our son—living like—like a dog!"

Mother clattered a stack of heavy plates onto the table. "France is a success, Mrs. Kellogg," she said. "Everyone likes him, and he's a fine surveyor. Why, I'll bet nobody'll ever have to change France's locating." Mother knew what she was talking about there,

because, from that day to this, not a one of old France Kellogg's corners has been changed, and he just stepped out on clear ground.

"But—but living like this!" Mrs. Kellogg looked around the crowded room. "Francis has been accustomed to—his father, Mr. Kellogg, is a successful man—he's held very high offices in the government. Francis has had every advantage. We sent him to college—and for what?" Here she unwound her handkerchief and started in to cry again. "To find him living like a—what do you call them?—a—a coyote! I don't see how anybody can live like—like this!"

Mother went over to put her hand on the lady's shoulder. "There now, Mrs. Kellogg," she said, and her voice was softer. "We all knew pretty well what we was in for. And so did France. We didn't just come out to visit a son that we thought might be living like a duke. We came to settle. And we'll have to stay. We're agoing to, or we ain't got any gumption!"

(Mother was right again. Cold winters, dry summers, not even Father's death a few years later, could make her pull up stakes. Of all the settlers that France Kellogg located around there, only Mother and one other finally proved out on their homesteads.)

"Come on, Mrs. Kellogg." Mother turned to the stove and started dishing up. "You'll feel better when you've got something in your stomach."

Father and Mr. Kellogg came back, and Mr. Kellogg's voice was almost booming again. "My dear," he said, "you should set your feet in that wild grass out there. It's like a cushion—and it's everywhere, everywhere. And buffalo trails! There must be numbers of the great beasts still roaming wild. In fact, my dear, I can almost see why Francis has become so enthusiastic about this country." Mrs. Kellogg sniffed. Mr. Kellogg went at the food with good appetite.

Just as the grown-ups' meal was finished, France arrived, all spruced up, and he and his mother and father set right out on the long trip to Holyoke.

"I don't know where he thinks they'll stay in Holyoke," Father said, as they drove off. "Nothing there but a bunch of tents."

Mother shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "France knows everybody. He'll find someplace for them."

We kids strained to see France's wagon as long as we could. Probably we realized that it was the end of our most exciting day in Colorado.

It was some time before we saw France or his family again, but for weeks we kids played a game we called "Senator Kellogg." Cappy, with some sort of thing knotted up behind, would cry like anything, Elmer would make his voice boom, and I'd be poor, surprised old France.

Mr. Kellogg became "Senator" to everybody right away. Mrs. Kellogg had spoken to Mother about his high offices, and he'd evidently told Father the same thing, while they were outside waiting to eat, because from then on Father always called him "the Senator."

Word soon got around among us settlers that he'd been a United States Senator from New York State, but had been defeated in the '86 elections. The Kelloggs never said different, and with no newspapers or radio, nobody ever bothered to check on it. To us Harmon kids, he didn't need credentials, anyway. We simply knew he was a great man, and we considered him and Mrs. Kellogg sort of our property. We'd been the first to see them, hadn't we? And we'd been there when they first saw France, and Mother had served them their first meal in these parts. It didn't make any difference to us what he'd been. He was "Senator" Kellogg from the start, and since he started right out to make a public career for himself, the title stuck, and seemed to fit.

I've no idea how in the world the "Senator" ever persuaded Mrs. Kellogg to settle in this country that she thought was so awful. But of course in those days a wife didn't pick up and leave her husband and travel clear across the country alone, just because she didn't like the lay of the land or the way the people lived. Then, too, Mr. Kellogg was beginning to be sold on this country before he left our place that day, and he and France would be a hard pair to resist.

Anyway, before we knew it, there were no more surveying trips with France, because he was working all the time in Holyoke, laying out the town, and the "Senator" and Mrs. Kellogg had

settled there, in one of Holyoke's first houses, maybe on what is now Kellogg Street.

Holyoke was starting to be a town instead of a huddle of tents, and because of it "Senator" Kellogg saw his chance. He got the idea that Holyoke must become the county seat of Logan County, instead of Sterling, some miles to the north. Some time or another, you know, there's been a big fight over the county seat in almost every county in Colorado, and now, looking back, I wonder if some of those fights weren't started for a lot the same reason that the Logan County one was.

I know now that "Senator" Kellogg probably never really cared which town became the county seat of Logan County. But in stumping around for Holyoke, he saw a chance to get himself known, to get his name before the people. Because "Senator" Kellogg was sure no farmer, or stockman. He'd spent a good many years in public office, and that was all he knew. He'd come to Colorado to find his son, and he'd stayed because he hoped the settlers might elect him to some office.

The Holyoke business was a lost cause from the first, though. Oh, people liked the "Senator." He had a quality about him like France. Everybody liked him. He was a fine speaker, and we kids weren't the only ones to be impressed with his appearance. But there were more settlers up around Sterling way, and besides, it looked like the railroad would come that way—so Sterling won out. And "Senator" Kellogg's little political waterhole in eastern Colorado dried up.

For us kids, it had been fun while it lasted. Because even more exciting than the surveying trips with France were the gatherings at Adlin's Store, when "Senator" Kellogg would boom his loudest about the future "metropolis of Holyoke." And once we got to go with Mother and Father and Uncle Dave clear to Holyoke on an all-day trip just to hear the "Senator" talk.

I guess it never occurred to Elmer and Cappy and me that anyone could go against our "Senator," and even though we heard about Holyoke's defeat, we never really believed in it. That is, we never really believed in it until one day some weeks later, when the "Senator" and Mrs. Kellogg drove into our yard.

In all the time he stayed in Colorado, the "Senator" never gave

up his New York clothes for the dungarees and slouch hats that the settlers wore, and on that day we could see the sun glinting off his shining top hat a long way down the road.

"Here comes Senator Kellogg!" Elmer yelled, and we all piled into the yard to greet them.

"We've come to bid you folks goodbye," the "Senator" said, "and to thank you for all your kindness."

Goodbye! We kids looked at each other, stunned. By that time, settlers had come and gone all around us. Mother always sniffed scornfully when she'd hear of some family pulling up stakes, and said they didn't have any gumption. Didn't our "Senator" have any gumption?

"A man doesn't get anywhere—" the "Senator" was smiling "—a man doesn't get anywhere, you know, running on his record of lost causes. Mrs. Kellogg and I are going up into Wyoming. Wonderful country up there, Mr. Harmon. Great possibilities!"

When they finally left, and we were watching them out of sight, Cappy pulled at me. "Wyoming has lots of Indians, don't it, Claude?"

"Yep," I said. "Bears, too."

Cappy nodded. "I'll bet Mrs. Kellogg will cry worse than ever in Wyoming," she said.

But things must have gone better in Wyoming, because in 1890, our "Senator" was elected to Wyoming's first legislature and later as Speaker of the House.

Little Holyoke never did grow into a metropolis, but it did become a county seat after the state legislature had juggled county lines for several years.

It wasn't until 1903, in fact, that the Colorado legislature finally quit moving county boundaries out there in the drylands. I was grown up and married by then, but it brought it all back to me—the excitement of that day in 1887, when we kids had helped to welcome the Kelloggs—big, booming, wonderful "Senator" Kellogg, who had come like any settler to prove out a waterhole claim, and who, when the waterhole dried up, had packed up and moved on, leaving the country to those who had come to stay. In a few years old France left Holyoke too, seeking new lands to survey and new settlers to locate.

Two poems

WILLIAM STAFFORD

SPECTATOR

Treat the world as if it really existed.
Feel in the cold what hoods a mountain—
it is not your own cold, but the world's.
Distribute for the multitude this local discovery.

In flaws of wind in the beleaguered forest
where beaver eat their aspen food
hear every moved branch as the first breath of winter;
your window tree spells the same gray sky.

Make the moment go rich in your stammering,
the grape already on the tongue,
the words thought and old before they are said—
you can have time surrounded.

There is always a place like Now to be found:
at the edge of some Utah has to be some clay valley,
and you a placid witness of dinosaur bones.
You are foreign, part of some slow explosion.

FIELDPATH

I helped make this groove,
and other helpless monuments I have carved—
turning them over, this evening,
I see no way to escape immortality:
my shadow dragging its Christian name
has worn out through this grass so long.

Ariadne's thread

JOHN ELY BURCHARD

Each of us has to meet many kinds of problems in his life. Some of these problems are entirely personal; some are quite impersonal or at least communal rather than individual. In meeting any of them we need in different proportions specific knowledge and an attitude of mind. No one academic discipline can supply all the knowledge nor is it always able even to supply all the proper attitudes of mind. Yet it is the purpose of education to help to prepare us both with the facts we need to have, or the understanding of how to get them, and with the state of mind which will guide us in applying what we know.

For some of the personal problems education may not be of great specific help. When we choose a spouse, for example, we may have read of many disastrous marriages in novels and in the books of history and seen them depicted on the stage. We may be well apprised of the consequences, even the genetic consequences, of falling in love with the wrong person. But this will not always, perhaps not even usually, restrain our passion or explain our affection—and whether we make good or bad marriages will be only remotely related to our education, and this in an instinctive rather than an intellectual way. Indeed, an intellectually conceived marriage between two young Americans who have carefully calculated the social and the economic and the physiological risks but have ignored the small precaution of falling in love has a good chance of going on the rocks or at best of being childless.

Then there are a whole series of lesser problems involving management of small elements of nature—how to boil an egg faster, or how to nail a board, or stop a leak, and of course some more important but similar problems with which as individuals we must all cope, and for these some minimal and realistic knowledge of the physical universe is desirable.

Finally, there are the large problems of living with others and especially with oneself every day. A very large part of the working philosophy of the happy man, no doubt the most important

part of this working philosophy, will come from the content—let us not say serenity—which goes with sure competence in the endeavors to which he devotes most of his time, his specialty. We must never underrate this. We see a fine example of it in the life and attitude of the dedicated scientist, but we must include the term “dedicated” because it is important and it does not apply to everybody who studies science. But this satisfaction can also come in abundant measure from a comparable competence in other affairs. And it can be nearly or perhaps entirely enough for a life. We ought not to look at the fields of education peripheral to our major subjects as being studied for psychiatric reasons, however, or simply as amusements, or merely as a means to provide us with certain social assets which will help us later to promote our main careers. If this is all they can provide, then the Continental view may be correct that complete specialization in the upper years is the desirable education. If this were all there were to it, then we would have to say that it was nonsense to demand that a poet or a political scientist have some understanding of natural science or conversely that a physicist encounter the humanities or the social sciences on a formal as well as an informal basis. And for geniuses this may be so. But the word “genius” like so many other words in America has a depreciated meaning today.

A clear case can be made in my opinion for some emphasis on each of these disciplines. A great deal of virtue is to be gained from the study of the natural sciences not primarily for the facts of nature which they might reveal, because these are relative and change and one cannot learn enough about them, but because of the codes of intellectual conduct they emphasize; not because of the methods and techniques which in the first place cannot be sharply defined and in the second place are by no means always relevant to different problems, but because of the unexpected spiritual, intellectual, and even aesthetic beauties they may reveal.

The humanities should not imitate the methods of the natural sciences; they should be concerned more with the ideas of the past than with the ideas of the present. This does not mean that they should ignore the present nor that they should fail to try to apply the ideas of the past to present problems. But the great merit, indeed perhaps the only merit, of the humanities is that they can

put us in touch with the greatest thinking and teaching and observation of the greatest minds in history, in philosophy, in art, in literature, from the first time when this thinking and teaching and observation began to be preserved. The humanities are not at their most useful when they become pedantic—we need have very little use for a man who calls himself humanist and yet must apologize for not having read carefully and perhaps many times the work of the admitted great of the many centuries because he has been so busy doing some unique scholarship into, say, the sources used by one man who was admittedly small and a dweller in only one century. Yet this is often now sadly the case. The humanists have been fooled into thinking that the methods brought to this country by Gilman of Johns Hopkins University and appropriately applied to natural science were also appropriate to the humanities. It is not surprising that every one professes to admire the humanities and that no one wants to pay much for them. What the humanities need is more true humanists among the scholars and fewer research projects conceived in the language of the natural sciences or the social sciences.

Indeed, the only justification of the humanities is that they bring each of us into contact with many more great men and great minds than we can otherwise meet. If they bring us only into contact with the observations of second-class men *about* the thinking of first-class men, they have failed. If they bring us only into contact with the thinking of second-class men, they have failed. Now there are not very many first-class men in any generation, even our own. On the whole, it is safer to bet on Homer, Vergil, Milton, Dante, and Chaucer than on T. S. Eliot; on Molière and Sophocles and Shakespeare than on Tennessee Williams; and on Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, or Aquinas than on John Dewey. That is why the humanities should spend a great deal of time on the past and little on the present. Indeed, their greatest message may be that there were brave men before Agamemnon.

But there are other reasons for studying them. They have been eloquently stated in an unpublished paragraph by Mortimer Graves, Executive Director of the American Council of Learned Societies:

The life of the individual—or of any society—is made up of continuous decisions. Perhaps the development of human thinking is constantly bringing larger and larger areas of decision under something like scientific or logical control; nevertheless, only a very few such decisions can yet be made through any process which we could describe as scientific or logical. By far the largest section of our area of decision is controlled by something else. This something else may be a formulation of the character of a religion as, for example, in the case of the devout Muslim who, as it were, passed the buck for all this large area of decision to Muhammad. Another determinant in this area of decision is experience. Obviously, no individual nor any society can have had all the possible experiences. Hence the more the experience of others can be brought into the process of decision, the better the chance that the decision will be a good one. Now the humanities are precisely the record of the decisions made throughout the experience of mankind, both the wise and constructive ones and the wicked and destructive ones. It is absurd that our society should not draw continuously upon this stock of experience in order to reach decisions that can be wisely reached in no other way.

The time has long gone when the world was not in dire need of specialists, not fewer kinds of specialists, not fewer numbers of each kind, not men and women less competent in their specialty, but rather more kinds, more of each kind, more specialized men and women more competent in the performance of their elected tasks.

If this raises any problems at all, the problems run this way. On the whole, the most able people will choose to specialize in something. Then there are two opposing risks to be faced. Perhaps these specialists will shrink from acting in any field outside their specialism, in which case the society will be deprived of the thought and action of its most able members in most matters; or perhaps they will act in any field regardless of how little they know about it, act ignorantly but also forcefully because they will have the self-confidence bred by their competence in their own field. Either of these prospects is a little frightening. It is because they are frightening that there is so much talk about general education these days. General education, or integrated education, or whatever faculty members choose to call it, is now expected to supply all the information and enthusiasm necessary to make specialists both interested in acting outside their specialty, even

eager to do so, and at the same time prepare them to act wisely. This is a somewhat more formidable task than Socrates described to Glaucon, who regarded even the prescriptions of Socrates as representing a prodigious task. If any road leads to this Rome, though, probably several do. Perhaps not all roads will. A modern Rome, you will realize, would have circumferential as well as arterial highways. And so it is for education.

There was a time when this all looked much simpler. There was general agreement as to the training an educated man should have and this training was anchored securely to the classic languages and the classical literature. Since the great minds of Greece and Rome did in fact encounter and grapple with most of the major human problems, this was not a bad training for earlier days, and better no doubt than what many of us now get. But if it was ever sufficient, it is no longer so.

The first great challenge to the common background was offered by natural science. It had a long and hard struggle to gain academic respectability and the scars of this struggle are still with us. When it finally did win the inevitable victory, it entered the lists as a cultural subject which it manifestly can be. But it has subsequently declined as a cultural subject, or so Whitehead thought, because of the higher degree of specialization now required of the individual who wishes to contribute to the advancement of scientific knowledge.

Later more and more subjects have found their way into college and university curricula and each has at the same time become more specialized. As all of these specialisms have developed each has sought a place in the sun. In order that students might be prepared for graduate work in so many different fields, there has been a proliferation of undergraduate majors. There has even been a desire to thrust specialized preparation for the college major down into the high school curriculum. The result has been that a college or university teacher who meets a group of freshmen from a wide variety of secondary schools cannot rely with confidence on any specific knowledge that his class may have in common as they set out on their common adventure.

So we as educated people grope in the labyrinth, anxiously calling to each other over walls where sound does not travel well, too often in languages which are only jargon and mutually incompre-

hensible; we search anxiously for the thread of Ariadne to lead us from the maze—but we do not often find it, and when we do it is fragile and disintegrates in our hands.

It is futile to try to make a table of all the things an educated man of today ought to have experienced, thought about, and come to know. This is not hard if one flies high enough so that the definition can be vague. Then one talks of citizenship and participation and curiosity and balanced judgment and morality and so on. But when one descends from these lofty perches, on which all of us sit at Commencement Day, he must come to grips with subjects, either specific subjects from old disciplines or new subjects based on these old subjects rearranged in different combinations. And it is here the difficulty begins.

For example, even at a college which wisely does not try to supply every possible item from a comprehensive academic bill of fare, there are likely to be at least sixteen departments besides those in the Division of Health. If all the departments offer essential material, a student in four years ought to take one year subject in each department—no more. It is manifestly absurd to expect that he would then be educated. So, instead, colleges make what seems at the present time the most plausible compromise. They make sure that every student has exposed himself to a minimal amount of work in a number of divisions with some freedom of election in the divisions. This is a common and apparently reasonable practice in many liberal arts colleges. But are the results of studying geology or astronomy nearly enough like those of studying physics? Can we make the same statement about alternate studies in economics, sociology, anthropology, or political science? Are we unable or are we afraid to say that one or another of these topics is of greater fundamental importance to all men? And is there such a thing as "general" chemistry, the same for a preacher as for a chemical engineer?

Each of us likes his own field of endeavor and imputes to it higher values than reside in it. President Eliot of Harvard was salty on this point when he remarked:

The common belief of most educated men in the indispensableness of the subjects in which they were themselves instructed reinforces the

general conservatism of mankind in regard to methods of education; and this useful conservatism is securely intrenched behind the general fact that anything which one generation is to impart to the next through educational institutions must, as a rule, be apprehended with tolerable precision by a considerable number of individuals of the elder generation. Hence a new subject can force its way only very gradually into the circle of the arts called liberal.¹

Eliot was thinking mostly of the great lag in bringing the natural sciences into respectable and ancient university curricula, but the same difficulty has beset the social sciences in more recent days and by a strange twist now besets not only the classical languages but the humanities in general, which, once the lords of the hall, now have often to ferret among the rushes even though according to the protestations of many men they remain much loved.

Ortega y Gasset in a series of essays² proposed a five-point education—physics, the physical scheme of the world; biology, the fundamental themes of organic life; history, the historical process of the human species; sociology, the structure and functioning of social life; and philosophy, the plan of the universe. This great and articulate thinker was able in sober faith to propose a scheme which ignored altogether the sensuous stimuli resident in art, music, and literature. Similar glaring lacunae are likely to appear in anyone's formulation, including mine.

As general education has become the fashion throughout the land, there has been a mad rush by the specialists in each discipline to make sure that their discipline had its space in the Ark. In this race some subjects have been favored by compulsions toward utility which are naturally characteristic of our technological American civilization. There is little doubt that we have consciously to resist the compulsion to force all our thinking in the direction of those things which are demonstrably useful at the cost of those which may not by any obvious daily test be useful at all. In general, modern education has been more interested in facts than in values, although it never stops talking about the latter. It is of course so much easier to measure whether the student has absorbed our facts that we are tempted to refrain from asking whether this absorption has been relevant.

In the final analysis it is hard to make a case for the indispen-

sability of any subject in the college curriculum. There is literally nothing which we can properly insist every student must study save that we must find a way, and it may be a quite indirect way, of making it possible for him to communicate with his fellow men. Without that, we are surely lost.

But if no simple discipline will manage for us, then what hope is there that in four years or forty this kind of knowledge and wisdom can be developed in many of us? The chance is of course better in forty than it is in four, provided the four have been intelligently spent in putting us on the right track. Putting us on the right track does not and obviously cannot consist of exposing us to all the disciplines which somehow might be involved; nor even to carefully selected samples from all the disciplines. It requires something at once simpler and more complex. The effort will fail if it does not succeed in creating enthusiasm on the part of the students so that the next thirty-six years are well spent. Enthusiasm is not likely to be created by surveys or by men who are not well versed in the subjects they are teaching. The effort will also fail if it does not dig deeply enough in a sufficient number of widely different disciplines so that the neophyte who wishes to carry on may have some sense of the best paths to explore as he continues to educate himself. It will fail if it leaves us in the position Montaigne imputed to much training when he spoke of "the vanity of our education; the end of which is not to render us good and wise, but learned." It will fail if it does not understand that education is for the purpose of proposing problems, life for the purpose of solving them. To learn early that you are not likely ever to solve many of the problems, and these the greatest, is the beginning of wisdom.

Most of the men I know who have a well-established general curiosity are to be found among the scientists and the lawyers. The experience of one cross-disciplinary society offers some documentary evidence. When this society has a discussion on a topic of social science or the humanities, the scientists generally outnumber the social scientists and humanists; when the subject is one of science, the humanists and the social scientists are conspicuously absent.

Of course we may attribute this to many reasons. We may choose to say that the subject matter of the humanities is of more

general interest to all people than the subject matter of the natural sciences, and this may to a modest extent be true. We may say that the humanists and social scientists have managed to make communications which are more comprehensible to other generally educated men than the natural scientists of the present time have managed to do. (You would have to say "the present time" in view of the masterly English scientific writing of the mid-nineteenth century.) We could be partly right here, too, although the statements of the humanists and social scientists may be deceptive in this matter and less clear than they appear to be. We may say that the wider audience turns out because everyone fancies himself as an authority in matters humanistic and even in matters of political, economic, and social conduct, while we have been well trained by the scientists not to express naive opinions about the matters which interest them. This also may be partly true. But even after all these things have been admitted, we must concede that the faculties of humanities and social sciences are genuinely less curious about science than the scientists are about other fields. We must not think for a moment that a doctoral candidate in humanities or social sciences, or even a good, tough honors senior for that matter, is not fully as specialized as his opposite number in science. We must not relax in the comforting but fallacious notion that every field of specialization in the humanities or social sciences is *ipso facto* more broadening than any field of specialization in the sciences, for this is simply not true.

It is perfectly true that some, though not all and perhaps not many of the greatest, scientists are guilty of some views or at least state some views which impress the rest of us from time to time as arrogant or naive. It may be disturbing to note how many scientists have, in contrast to Einstein, lined up with the sterility of positivism; to observe that though "Science has long since ceased being materialistic in the old sense . . . it has not become idealistic either as the philosopher would have it. . . . Our present physical philosophy is indeed a philosophy of dust: of subtly organized and analyzed dust, but still dust."³ We may wonder why so many scientists seem not to find any serenity in the pursuit of this noble study; why despite its present high state so many dis-

play a petulance inconsistent with a sense of security. If there is not confidence in the discipline of science and in its place in the world, where, pray, in the world of intellect is it to be found? But all these reservations about the omnipotence of science do not alter the conclusion that a young man who is a specialist in any field today will be ill-served by an education which does not provide him with a substantial exposure to science. All they add up to is that some care ought to be exercised as to what breed of scientists is entrusted with his scientific education—men are not interchangeable simply because they wear a common hood—there are second-class men and first-class men in science just as there are in other fields, and a second-class man is a second-class man regardless of the discipline he has elected to wed. But of course this applies to teachers of other things, too. The perennial problem of general education is to get first-class and sympathetic men on the other end of the log.

On the whole it seems that the problem of developing a good training in science for college students whose major interest lies elsewhere is in even more confused a state than the converse problem. There seems no general agreement at all as to what the objective is. Is it to inculcate some of the established facts of nature? If so, which ones, for some will have to be left out? Is it to develop some understanding of what may loosely be called the scientific method? It will at once be generally asserted that there is no such thing as *the* scientific method. But there are at least methods of science which have common qualities and which are in some ways different from the methods of other disciplines. Is it to permit a wider extension of philosophical thinking by establishing for example a firmer basis for relativistic, positivist, behavioral or operational beliefs? Is it to create a better understanding of the morality of truth? Scientists, for example, and especially great ones, are often men of strong prejudices, and it is an error to conceive them as men of Olympian objectivity and dispassion. But if they are to be successful scientists, they must conform to two principles which do not always dominate other kinds of thinking. They must test their hypothesis against every available observation and not pick and choose the observations to suit the hypothesis; and if in the final analysis the observa-

tions deny the hypothesis, they must be prepared to revise or abandon it. This calls for a nobility, even an austerity, in intellectual matters which it would do anyone good to possess.

The only uncertainty is that we cannot be sure this kind of intellectual morality is transferable to observations and conclusions in spheres where the data is so much more elusive, where the chance to control the experiment is so much less. As the poet Stephen Spender said, "It is wrong to think that scientists show the same qualities of detachment and considerateness in their social attitudes as they do in the laboratory. They are as liable as anyone else to be carried away by their emotions."⁴ We must fairly admit this to be true, and once we do we cannot have confidence that the scientific training for the layman is for the purpose of causing him to behave with greater respect for truth in the non-scientific situations with which he will usually deal.

Now to admit these difficulties is not to decry the essential nature of science in modern life, its beauty as a field of study, the unique things it may bring to the training of a young mind. It is rather to admit all this and then to insist that the task of developing science education for non-scientists has not been seriously approached on very many campuses. In the light of observations such as these, the provision of standard science subjects in general education courses seems ludicrous, perhaps even a waste of time.

It would not be hard to develop a somewhat similar picture with respect to the other large areas which probably ought to be covered in every educated man's formal introduction to the education he will later enlarge for himself. I shall speak only of those which concern the humanities and social sciences.

What, for example, are we doing throughout the country about cultivating the visual as opposed to the verbal sense? Very little, really. How much longer can we persist in looking at art exclusively as something made by someone else for students to examine and dissect? If this is all there is to be to art education, it does not matter much whether you buy whole hog the silly theory that no object of art is worth considering at all unless you can completely divorce it from its maker, its time, and the people for whom it was made; or whether you buy the equally silly theory

that art is meaningless unless it can be used as social documentation. Yet if you seek to go beyond this in art education, how hard you will find it to overcome the reluctance of a young American to try anything like making art with gusto—the reluctance to perform badly, as perforce it will seem to him he does at the outset; how almost impossible to convince him that his technical performance is in the beginning almost completely inconsequential; or that, even if he never acquires technical skill, he may yet in his stutterings have learned to see.

How shall we assess, in a race against elimination, the relative merits of literature and the social sciences in dealing with various social situations? One of us may find more profundity in a Sophoclean examination of problems of church and state than in one by Paul Blanshard. One may think a picture of a French society as observed by Zola is more telling and more accurate than a tale of Middletown by the Lyndes despite the absence of any social-science documentation in the work of the French novelist. And perhaps he can do this while recalling that literature is very personal, very individual, often illogical, not always even truthful. He may concede that like science it is amoral, but unlike science it is often immoral as well.

Too, he may prefer literature to formal philosophy in wakening the young mind. He may argue that to understand the formal philosophical writing it is well to be able to add evidence of confirmation or denial from one's personal experience. Naturally, very young people have few such examples to supply. Literature may supply them with spectacular examples or sets of examples and leave them to reason from the specific to the general. How brief, for example, how memorable, is the statement of the problem of the boss when, in *Antigone*, Haemon turns to his father, Creon, the tyrant of Thebes, and says:

Your frown is a sufficient silencer
Of any word that is not for your ears.
But I hear whispers spoken in the dark;⁵

How long would it take a political philosopher to develop the same notion with the same force?

The educator may believe all this, and for some students he

may be right; but for others he may be wrong. For it will be said, as it can be said of science, that there are those to whom the notion of the study of literature is repugnant. For men without music in their souls we may in the long run have to concoct other stimuli than those of literature and art, but as in science we have not done our duty if we let them escape without having had a proper try. And we will not give the reluctant a proper try unless we confine ourselves to the first-rate and cease to be pedantic about coverage, about continuity, about any particular breed of criticism, old or new, and think first about the reasons why we are introducing science or art or literature to the student at all.

Since I have intended not to write a formula for a good general education but have come near to it in prescribing science, literature and art, without having begun to call the roll of the disciplines which can contribute, let me not offend you with a full call of the roll. Let us examine the nature of the problems only once more by a quick questioning of the virtue of history, which some people think of as social science and some as a humanity. History is very common in all of our curricula. Why do we include it and what do we ask it to do?

It can be perused simply for general pleasure, of course, and as a start for philosophizing, but for such a purpose perhaps only the history which has also the qualities of great literature can suffice. Do we want, for instance, to subscribe to the theory of Lord Acton, who believed with Tacitus that an understanding of history would deter men from evil conduct because posterity would scorn them, that through the pages of history meretricious action would be emblazoned for all time? Do we want to believe with Ortega y Gasset that an understanding of history would prevent us from committing the ingenuous mistakes of other times? Does the evidence give confidence to either of these views? Do we want to find a cyclical course in history from which prediction as to our future can ensue—a grim prospect, I might say? If we love history too much, may we not try to wish ourselves out of the contemporary scene, which is impossible, and into some previous, more idyllic state, which probably did not exist as we conceive it? Is it not bad to study history because it may lead to pessimistic conclusions? Can it not be dangerous also if it is

looked upon, as so often it is, solely as a source of patriotic, of uncritically patriotic, inspiration? May it not then establish the past as an unchallengeable statement of the right? Many of these criticisms of history have been provided by Herbert Butterfield, the British historian, who also provides this critical conclusion:

If . . . I were asked to say upon which of the sins of the world the judgment of God had come in so signal a manner, I should specify, as the most general of existing evils and the most terrifying in its results, human presumption and particularly intellectual arrogance. There is good reason for believing that none of the fields of specialized knowledge is exempt from this fault; and I know of no miracle in the structure of the universe that should make me think even archbishops free of it. But it is the besetting disease of historians, and the effect of an historical education seems very often actually to encourage the evil. The mind sweeps like the mind of God over centuries and continents, churches and cities, Shakespeares and Aristotles, curtly putting everything in its place. Any schoolboy thinks he can show that Napoleon was foolish as a statesman, and I have seen Bismarck condemned as a mere simpleton in diplomacy by undergraduates who would not have had sufficient diplomacy to wheedle sixpence out of a college porter.⁶

The reader can supply his own dissection of the rest of the college repertoire, including the modern sirens of the social sciences.

These, then, are the questions of general education which are far from solution. What are the indispensable subjects or those most probably desirable? What parts of those subjects ought to be looked at? What can we leave out? What value will the subjects have if we cannot awaken enthusiasm about them in the minds of students whose principal interests lie elsewhere and who are not happy at being delayed in seeking primary goals? What kinds of men are equipped nowadays with desire or skill to work in these vineyards? About the only answer of which we can be quite certain is that general education cannot be a standardized thing for all students, that it can serve only if it manages principally to fill in the things most obviously not provided by the student's specialty. Thus no single formulation, no panel of great books or great subjects, will offer a panacea.

If we are serious people we have to admit that some men of great morality and sincerity have placed their ideological convictions above national patriotism. As Raymond Aron reminds us, these are elusive enemies and we must take precautions against them. "But once certain opinions and certain parties are outlawed, where does one stop? Democracies tolerate heresies, but they cannot tolerate all heresies."⁷ You may wish to challenge the end of that statement, but for the sake of argument accept it.

The great question we are facing in our own nation is whether we can determine how clear and present the danger of subversion is, and how far we can go in arresting it without causing wider damage still. In short, there is some point of balance where each of us, even if not accustomed to dealing in absolute morality, must enjoin his own relative morality and say that the end we seek is prejudiced by the means we have accepted.

Many of us sat for some hours looking at a televised public hearing last spring in which one of the parties engaged in procedures that would seem repugnant to any fair-minded person, however he may have thought of the immediate issue which was joined. Here we saw examples of attack by insinuation, of half-truth, of sneaking in testimony in the guise of objections, of a will to have different rules apply to this individual than he would apply to others, all this in the interest (and a very important one from his point of view) of making the most telling case possible before the group who were really trying the case, the public which was sitting before television screens and radio loudspeakers. It is not hard to extrapolate this to a conduct which the American public might come to accept as permissible not only for this contender and not only in such an issue. Then one might be reminded of a story from Saint Augustine's *Confessions*.

In chapter eight of book six Augustine tells us of Alypius, a man of great moral principle and high-mindedness, of strong education and training. Alypius, you may recall, had always regarded the gladiatorial games with repugnance. But one day some of his friends, in higher spirits than usual, dragged him to the amphitheatre *familiari violentia*. Alypius did not feel too disturbed at this since he was confident of the strength of his moral resistance. Augustine goes on:

But he, shutting up the doors of his eyes, forbade his mind to roam abroad after such evil; and would that he had shut his ears also! For, upon the fall of one in the fight, a mighty cry from the whole audience stirring him strongly, he, overcome by curiosity, and prepared as it were to despise and rise superior to it, no matter what it were, opened his eyes, and was struck with a deeper wound in his soul than the other, whom he desired to see, was in his body; and he fell more miserably than he on whose fall that mighty clamor was raised, which entered through his ears, and unlocked his eyes, to make way for the striking and beating down of his soul, which was bold rather than valiant hitherto; and so much the weaker in that it presumed on itself, which ought to have depended on Thee. For, directly he saw that blood, he therewith imbibed a sort of savageness; nor did he turn away, but fixed his eye, drinking in madness unconsciously, and was delighted with the guilty contest, and drunken with the bloody pastime. Nor was he now the same as he came in, but was one of the throng he came to, and a true companion of those who had brought him thither.⁸

The fate that befell Alypius is one which threatens the citizens of the United States today in a very real way. It is important that our education do what it can to cultivate a resistance to this kind of danger. Sometimes this resistance may be developed simply by repetition of axioms, so often that they become habits in the thinking of men, but this is not a way which, as educators, we would regard as the most powerful.

It seems clear that many young men and women of America who have had what would be called a liberal education would not agree as to the inferences drawn here regarding the real dangers in the actions of men like Senator McCarthy. Perhaps you would not even agree that Senator McCarthy would be a different man if he had pondered the writings of Augustine. If the educated world is not able to reach agreement even in a matter like this, what are we to expect from the visceral conclusions of the much larger uneducated world? This kind of difficulty has sometimes led the scientists to twit the humanists about their failures. Such criticism expects humanism can be dogma, that humanism should inexorably lead everyone to the same and the right conclusions.

Even if the humanities are less than fully sufficient to help us in solving problems of this kind, the explicit answers are to be

found still less clearly in the study of science. Yet if the conclusions are not properly drawn, science itself will be among the first to suffer. Science cannot survive in a society where calculated confusions, innuendoes, half-truths, and outright cynical lies are regarded as generally admirable or at least justified in many circumstances.

If I seem to be saying here that education must have some moral convictions, I do not apologize. I do not apologize either for the notion that the development of these convictions insofar as education can assist them is most likely to come not from physical science nor even from social science but from the studies of the humanities and especially of moral philosophy. Here the great arguments and debates indulged in by great minds may be laid before young minds of ensuing generations. Here even some of the consequences of reaching wrong decisions in such debates can be observed. Let me repeat a quotation I made earlier:

The humanities are precisely the record of the decisions made throughout the experience of mankind, both the wise and constructive ones and the wicked and destructive ones. It is absurd that our society should not draw continuously upon this stock of experience in order to reach decisions that can be wisely reached in no other way.

But this is only one of the important elements of education, though I believe it to be an indispensable one, and so we conclude where we began. All of us need to extract the values which are unique to the sciences and the values which are unique to the humanities, and neither area will in itself supply all the necessary values. How to get at both remains the fascinating problem which educators may never solve with any finality. This is what makes teaching such a fascinating, harassing, discouraging, and happy occupation. This is why there is such excitement in the quest for Ariadne's thread.

FOOTNOTES

¹Charles W. Eliot, *The Man and His Beliefs*, edited by William Allan Neilson (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1926), Vol. I, p. 40. A paper entitled "What Is A Liberal Education?" read February 22, 1884, at Johns Hopkins University, published in *Educational Reform* (The Century Company, 1898).

²*Mission of the University*, translated by Howard Lee Nostrand (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1944), p. 73.

³Giorgio de Santillana, "Lights and Shadows in the Philosophy of Science," *Confluence*, Vol. 3, No. 2 (June, 1954), pp. 191-92.

⁴*The God That Failed*, edited by Richard Crossman (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1949), p. 259.

⁵*The Theban Plays*, translated by E. V. Rieu (Penguin Books, 1947), p. 145. In the general context of this argument see also Julian Marias, "The Novel as a Means of Knowledge," *Confluence*, Vol. 3, No. 2 (June, 1954), pp. 207-219.

⁶*History and Human Relations* (London: Collins, 1951), p. 169.

⁷*The Century of Total War* (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1954), p. 91.

⁸*Basic Writings of Saint Augustine*, translated by J. G. Pilkington, edited by Whitney J. Oates (New York: Random House, 1948), Vol. I, p. 82.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Alone, self-given, while half our century bore
The hate and senselessness of millions bent
On self-destruction, you in quiet went
About your way of healing. You that wore
The triple crown of academic lore
Laid it aside, and laboured on till spent
For the dark children of a continent
Whose exploration damned us to the core.
Now seeing with your wisdom's eyes, we know
All that has breath is holy, briefest bloom's
Or jungle-bird's; each pulse's to-and-fro
In dusky veins, the mighty river-glooms
Are touched with splendid auras, such as blow
Through darkness from the very sun-god's plumes.

The great literary leg-pull

RALPH WATERBURY CONDEE

The Autumn, 1944, issue of *Angry Penguins*, an Australian literary magazine, was dedicated "to commemorate the Australian poet Ern Malley," who had recently died and whose writings had just been discovered. In this issue, the magazine published, under the title "The Darkening Ecliptic," the total poetic output of Ern Malley, together with some remarks by him about poetry, entitled "Preface and Statement." The cover illustration was a reproduction in color of a painting by Sidney Nolan, prepared for the occasion and illustrating a passage in one of Malley's poems. In all, thirty-four pages of the magazine were devoted to Ern Malley; in addition to "The Darkening Ecliptic," the editors, Max Harris and John Reed, included an explication of Malley's "Preface," a biography, and a poem, "Elegiac for Ern Malley," by Harris.

There were several striking aspects to this literary event. First, according to the editors, this was the initial publication of an unknown Australian poet who was "one of the most outstanding poets that we have produced here." Secondly, Ern Malley had written his poetry unknown to anyone and had died less than a year before at the age of twenty-five. Thirdly, as the editors discovered a week or so after their autumn issue had gone on sale, Ern Malley was not dead, because he had never lived. *Angry Penguins* had been hoaxed. Before the affair died down, the newspapers publicly derided Harris and Reed, literary critics attacked their esthetic standards, and in the end they were fined five pounds in a Gilbert-and-Sullivan police-court action.

The poems were the product of two Sydney poets, Harold Stewart and James McAuley, the first a corporal in the Australian army, the other a lieutenant. The true authorship of the poetry emerged when the *Sydney Sun* investigated the biography of the newly-discovered poet and found that the garage Malley was said to have worked in had never existed, that the insurance company for which he had worked had never heard of him, and

that the Brookwood cemetery officials denied ever burying anyone of that name. (How much of the *Sydney Sun's* investigation was incited by Corporal Stewart and Lieutenant McAuley is not known.)

Stewart and McAuley had a prepared statement of their position: this was no mere practical joke but a serious literary experiment intending to prove that much "modern" poetry was so meaningless that no one could tell the genuine product from consciously and deliberately concocted nonsense. "We produced the whole of Ern Malley's tragic life work in one afternoon with the aid of a collection of books which happened to be on our desk," they explained to the newspaper. They pointed out that the opening lines of one poem, "Culture as Exhibition," were from a U. S. Department of Agriculture pamphlet on the drainage of the breeding grounds of mosquitoes. "We opened books at random," they said, "choosing a word or a phrase haphazardly. We made lists of these and wove them into nonsensical sentences. We misquoted and made false allusions, and selected awkward rhymes." Their main concern in technique, they said, was to accentuate the general sloppiness of the poems. In the main their models were, they claimed, Max Harris, the editor of *Angry Penguins*, Dylan Thomas, and Henry Treese. Then they wrote a "pretentious and meaningless preface."

Harris and Reed were in what seemed to be an indefensible and certainly ludicrous position. Harris's imagination had been stirred by the Keats-like figure of Malley, and with the clairvoyance so common among enthusiastic critics, he had begun his introduction to the non-existent Malley's "The Darkening Eclipse" with a rhapsody:

Ern Malley prepared for his death quietly confident that he was a great poet and that he would be known as such. He prepared his manuscript to that end—there was no ostentation nor the exhibitionism of the dying in the act. It was an act of calm controlled confidence. He treated death greatly, and as poetry, while undergoing the most fearful and debilitating nervous strain that a human being could possibly endure. He was dying at the age of 25 with Grave's Disease.

Swept away by the tragedy of Malley's life, Harris treasured every fact of the poet's existence—the girl Malley had loved and

abandoned in Melbourne when he knew he was dying, the life-saving operation Malley had refused in his last days. "In Sydney," Harris wrote portentously, "he was known to possess only one book—Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*. That is all." Harris spoke of Malley's "cool, strong, sinuous feeling for language," of "the great artistic self-possession with which he treated his forth-coming death." In his explication of Malley's "Preface and Statement," Harris compared Malley to Franz Kafka, and himself to Max Brod, Kafka's literary executor. There were even clear influences of Malley in Harris's poem, "Elegiac for Ern Malley," and in his prose—an interesting circularity in view of the fact that Stewart and McAuley claim to have been imitating, among others, Max Harris. The *Sydney Sun* quoted Harris as saying that Malley "was a poet of tremendous power, working through a disciplined and restrained kind of statement into the deepest wells of human experience."

The uproar and confusion which resulted from the *Sun's* disclosure and Stewart and McAuley's statement generated considerably more heat than light. Those hostile to all poetry since Coventry Patmore rejoiced; stern old gentlemen laid aside their copies of "Locksley Hall" and pointed the finger of scorn. One critic wrote *Angry Penguins* attacking "The Darkening Ecliptic" for "advanced Puritanism and Satanism." *The Guardian*, a Communist weekly, welcomed the hoax, attacked John Reed, Harris's co-editor, for having married a rich woman, and denounced *Angry Penguins* as "strangely unaware of the menace of fascism." The conservative newspapers, contrary to the expressed intentions of Stewart and McAuley, insisted on treating the event as a joke—"a great literary leg-pull," the *Melbourne Herald* called it.

Whatever may be said against Harris's literary judgment, his courage was admirable. In the Autumn issue he had said that Ern Malley was a great poet. In the December issue he said so again, although forced to admit that there was no such person. Harris now described his position as "a fluid one." Twenty pages of the December issue were devoted to Harris's angry defense, including re-analyses of Malley's poems in the light of the non-existence of their author, testimonials, and cablegrams of com-

fort and cheer from sixteen critics, including Harry Roskolenko and Herbert Read. The only intentionally light touch was a completely unexplained inclusion of the photograph of a small child, with the caption "Ern Malley."

Harris's argument was that Malley's poems were great poetry, whether Stewart and McAuley thought so or not. He found the poems meaningful, regardless of whether the authors meant anything by them or not, and further stated that Malley was a better poet than either Stewart or McAuley. Harris even proposed a test to prove that Ern Malley was a better poet. Let Stewart and McAuley select the six best of their own poems, he challenged, and he would act for Malley and select the six best in Malley's "The Darkening Ecliptic." The twelve poems were to be published in *Angry Penguins*, and an impartial jury would decide who was the best poet—Corporal Stewart, Lieutenant McAuley, or Ern Malley.

It is not clear what such a contest would have settled, because regardless of the outcome, the public would have been presented with a decision that the two poets could not write as well as themselves. Harris tried to explain the rationale of the contest between Ern Malley and his two opponents on psychological grounds, arguing that in order to produce poetry so much in the "modern" tradition, Stewart and McAuley must have steeped themselves in the literature that they so despised. "It is at least a possibility," Harris argued, "that the idea of writing these poems as a hoax served as a release from some inhibition which had previously prevented them, in their 'serious' poetry, from writing anything remarkable. Freed from this inhibition they were then able to produce for the first time, work that was really important." Harris said his theory had the support of psychiatrists, although Doctor Reg. S. Ellery, a psychiatrist who came to Harris's defense at the trial and in a later issue of the magazine, didn't discuss the point.

But Stewart and McAuley simplified the chaos by refusing to participate on the grounds that they didn't want their poetry appearing on the pages of *Angry Penguins*, an attitude which proved to Harris that they really had little desire, after all, to be of service to literature. Perhaps also they felt that in this

contest, in which they were to compete against their pseudonymous self, they quite literally could not escape defeat, regardless of the outcome. Stewart and McAuley contented themselves with denouncing Malley's poetry as not having any literary value.

Harris angrily defended Malley, saying, "We found no justification in the poems themselves for substantiating this statement." At this point in the controversy it was difficult to keep in mind that there really *wasn't* any Ern Malley.

The most paradoxical side of the controversy was that Harris was to some extent right. There are some of Malley's poems which carry a clear meaning, however much care the poets may have exercised in trying to produce incoherence. The first poem in "The Darkening Ecliptic," entitled "Durer: Innsbruck, 1495," has an easily discerned meaning, however inadvertent the meaning may have been:

I had often, cowed in the slumberous heavy air,
Closed my inanimate lids to find it real,
As I knew it would be, the colourful spires
And painted roofs, the high snows glimpsed at the back,
All reversed in the quiet reflecting waters—
Not knowing then that Durer perceived it too.
Now I find that once more I have shrunk
To an interloper, robber of dead men's dream,
I had read in books that art is not easy
But no one warned that the mind repeats
In its ignorance the vision of others. I am still
The black swan of trespass on alien waters.

To oversimplify, Malley is expressing something valid for any creator—the feeling of despair at ever doing anything not already done to perfection. It is obviously an exaggeration to say, as Harris did, that Malley was "working . . . into the deepest wells of human experience," but this poem is nevertheless meaningful, and, except for an overly dramatic final sentence, the work of a poet of some talent.

Others of Malley's poems, while containing no discernible sensible statement, convey a clear idea of the poet's feelings (although *towards* what is often indecipherable) in imagery striking enough to conceal, particularly from an enthusiastic reader

such as Harris, the fact that the poetry made no sense. "Sweet William" begins:

I have avoided your wide English eyes:
But now I am whirled in their vortex.
My blood becomes a Damaged Man
Most like your Albion;
And I must go with stone feet
Down the staircase of flesh
To where in a shuddering embrace
My toppling opposites commit
The obscene, the unforgivable rape.

The opening four lines are somewhat obscure, but even those arch-enemies of poor Ern, Stewart and McAuley, would be forced to admit that the ironic reversal "stone feet . . . staircase of flesh" is a brilliant, if senseless, image.

In another poem, "Sybilline," the meaning of the second stanza is quite clear—provided we know, as Harris did not, that "The Darkening Ecliptic" was a hoax. Rightly read, the stanza announces that there was no such person as Ern Malley:

And now out of life, permanent revenant
I assert: the caterpillar feet
Of these predictions lead nowhere,
It is necessary to understand
That a poet may not exist, that his writings
Are the incomplete circle and straight drop
Of a question mark
And yet I know I shall be raised up
On the vertical banners of praise.

The brilliance of Malley's imagery in passages such as this one is the probable cause of Harris's enthusiastic inability either to see what Malley was saying or often to notice that Malley was saying nothing at all.

For the reader with no thesis to propound or reputation to salvage, Malley's "The Darkening Ecliptic" is a collection of stimulating poems, usually the more delightful for their frequent senselessness. The beginning of "Petit Testament" can be fash-

ioned into sense by an imaginative reader, and without violating what would normally be assumed to be Malley's intention:

In the twenty-fifth year of my age
I find myself to be a dromedary
That has run short of water between
One oasis and the next mirage
And having despaired of ever
Making my obsessions intelligible
I am content at last to be
The sole clerk of my metamorphoses.
Begin here:

In the year 1943
I resigned to the living all collateral images
Reserving to myself a man's
Inalienable right to be sad
At his own funeral.
(Here the peacock blinks the eyes
Of his multipennate tail.)

For fourteen lines (except for the obscure "collateral images") we can find coherence, whatever Malley's denigrators, including the authors of the poem, may say. Our chief objection is to the same fault that mars the poem on Dürer—puerile self-dramatization, a fault which is excusable if we accept Harris's original hypothesis that Malley wrote this poem as he was dying—and no fault at all, but a piece of satire if we know that the poem is a hoax; and the striking non sequitur of the peacock becomes a refreshing reminder that all this is not adolescent maundering, but a literary hot-foot.

Harris's position was an impossible one to maintain, particularly since most Australians ignored Stewart and McAuley's claims of an esthetic experiment and preferred the newspapers' attitude that it was "a great literary leg-pull." To them, the controversy was a joke, and the laugh was on Harris, which was somewhat unjust, although inevitable in view of Harris's aggressive and humorless air of having been grievously wronged in fighting for the Cause of Art and Ern Malley.

The last episode of the controversy was as ironic and confusing as the beginning. A short time later Harris found himself

ordered to appear in court in Adelaide. Although he had been laughed at by the general public because the poems in "The Darkening Ecliptic" were meaningless, Harris was now prosecuted because they were "immoral, indecent, or obscene writing." He was solemnly tried in an Adelaide police court before the presiding magistrate, Mr. L. E. Clarke, with one Detective Vogelsang as the sole witness for the Crown.

Part of the testimony by Vogelsang pointed out that one poem, "Nightpiece," concerned a man and a woman at night in a public park. Detective Vogelsang testified that the content of the poem was obscure, but that in his experience as a policeman, a man and a woman went into the park at night for only one purpose, and that purpose was immoral, indecent, and obscene. Harris was subsequently found guilty and fined five pounds or six weeks imprisonment.

Harris was understandably bitter, presumably feeling that if Malley's poems were meaningless, they could hardly be indecent. But if the poems were demonstrably meaningful, even to the untrained eye of Detective Vogelsang, how could they be meaningless to Harris's literary opponents? Harris closed his article in *Angry Penguins* reporting the trial by quoting, without comment, from the testimony of Detective Vogelsang on the last lines of Malley's "Egyptian Register." The poem closes,

... a calm immortal frieze
On the mausoleum of my incestuous
And self-fructifying death.

Of these lines, Detective Vogelsang testified: "The word 'incestuous' I regard as being indecent. I don't know what incestuous means, I think there is a suggestion of indecency about it."

Perhaps there is an appropriate ending to this literary farce in the fact that the Crown felt it understood these poems which the authors said were meaningless, charged that the poems were indecent, although neither the authors nor the publishers intended them as such, and that the court reached a decision that the poems were indecent based on the testimony of a man who admitted that he didn't know what the indecent words meant.

House in Salem

WILSON CLOUGH

The shower hurries all the length of bay,
Is chased by tiny million-mirrored suns,
Takes wing, and scurries over Marblehead.
Inside, the ancient chairs stretch forth their arms
In mute dispassion, formal, chaste; for were
They not Nathaniel's throne? Portrait, his cousin,
With guileless hands and placid eyes, presides.
The stamina of draperies astounds;
And wrinkled, wavering window-panes outlast
The frosted centuries. Here Hepzibah,
Meek wraith, and Phoebe murmur; and the Judge,
Figure or fact, yet drinks the welling blood.

Shadow and sunlight are fickle things, and slight.
Timbers, preserved in sedatives of musing,
Define Nathaniel's choice of long withdrawal,
His tryst with law, necessity's cool chain.

Nathaniel might have said it: Gilt and drapes
Fade fast—gobbets of rag and shrouds of thread;
The dampish beams, like family trees, grow sick
Of dust's dull stench. Cupboards exhale of geaves,
And seats of chairs are roped, and fend off faith.
Hepzibah peers no more, undone by time,
And Phoebe's silvery laugh is weird and thin
Behind the screen. Not having heeded Holgrave's
"Nothing that's mouldy will I love," old Pyncheon's
Upwelling blood rots in the caverned past.

Clouds mass for rainpelts on the bay, trees sway,
Small wavelets flash their mirrors at the sun.
Flow, light. What rests is rust; what lives is change;
Beauty of change and anodyne of flow.
No rite shall surrogate the living pulse,
The sanative of change, the restless bay.

Technology and philosophy

J. W. COHEN

What is a correct interpretation of the significance of technology in our culture? Is technology a creative force, a destructive Frankenstein or a neutral tool? Pride, horror, or cool indifference, which is the valid attitude towards a mechanized world? To explore such questions, we must see technology in historical perspective and grasp its intimate interrelation with science. Without science there could be no modern technology and the converse is also true. They involve each other. Yet man was *Homo faber* before he became *Homo sapiens*; ritual and magic-drenched tool makers pre-dated by hundreds of millenia the science-directed fashioners in our time. Out of technical processes and slowly accumulating skills, out of combinations and recombinations of the tools and expertise of many peoples came the eventual theoretical organization of technology into sciences. Both together reflect the submission of mind to the discipline of actuality, to the dictates of natural fact and force. In our era technology and science have become a single interdependent, continuous, and cumulative body of human operations upon natural process. They represent a mode of human behavior. Industry, experiment, and research, the refined structure of abstract theory, now furnish together that vast reservoir of harnessed power upon which our present civilization depends. It is only when we take technology in a sense broad enough to include science rather than in the limited popular meaning of tools, machines, and the narrower skills by which they are manipulated that we establish a serious basis for coping with questions on the role of technology in culture, with the versions of technology prevailing at present and the view of its role which is most germane to twentieth-century America.

Let us dismiss the huckster outlook of mere adulation of gadgetry and the machine. It only furnishes added strength to the more significant view which blames technology for all our ills, which sees it as the embodiment or instigator of blind ma-

terialism and mechanism, as responsible for our people's greed for material things and our emphasis on externals. This more serious view is partly a product of the older religious and idealistic traditions—which themselves preceded the modern epoch of science and machine technology, industry and democracy—partly a product of contemporary disillusionment and failure of belief. Technology is seen as devoid of life and spirit, dehumanizing, depersonalizing, destructive of creativity and imagination, making robots of us all. This approach includes science in its condemnation or, alternatively, interprets science in Platonic terms of contemplative purity, and insists upon the gap which separates it from the ugly world of applied science and the machine. The traditions of Romanticism, born in protest against the scientific emphasis of the age of reason and the emerging industrial revolution, have fortified this outlook among intellectuals. Recall William Blake's "Bring Out Number, Weight and Measure in an Age of Dearth" or, in twentieth-century America, Vachel Lindsay:

"There's machinery in the butterfly,
There's a mainspring to the bee.

There's hydraulics to a daisy
And contraptions to a tree.

"If we could see the birdie
That makes the chirping sound
With psycho-analytic eyes,
With X-ray, scientific eyes,
We could see the wheels go round."

*And I hope all men
Who think like this
Will soon lie underground.*

Of course, this may be just Lindsay's ebullient lyricism but many romantics still long to restore the idyllic conditions which disappeared with the maturing of capitalism. It is the theme of Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper*, of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and of George Orwell's *1984*.

A second serious view is that technology is a long Greek name for a bag of tools (Toynbee); that it can be used to rifle a safe

or to fix the plumbing. This view holds that technology is in itself neutral, neither a menace nor a benison. Ploughs, tractors, and atomic power plants will replace swords, tanks, napalm or atom bombs when nationalistic rivalries and counsels of war give way to the will for a productive and peaceful society. Machines will stand idle or operate at full capacity at the dictates of the market and the profit system. Technology has no leverage of its own for we must look to the ends for which it is used within the setting of our dominant institutions, the economic and the political particularly. This view is usually tied in with a parallel version of the nature of science, which as we have seen is both offspring and progenitor of our technology. Science is the sphere of descriptions. It furnishes no goals for life, no norms, no values. Both technology and science are means only, while ends are provided elsewhere; for they are determined by the nation and state, by our capitalist economy which organizes the profit motive, by the labor union, the church, the great professions, the arts and letters, the home and playing field.

It was Kant who first formulated the conception of the limitation of science to the world of facts in order to vindicate an autonomous realm of ends and values to be found, he said, in ethics, art, and religion. He saw a gulf between ordinary experience and the world of common sense and science on the one hand—the neutral world of phenomena as he called it—and on the other hand, the richer, deeper “intelligible world,” the realm of ends where alone ethical personality, purpose, creativity, and divinity were to be found. It is a short step from Kant’s implication that science, however valid, organizes only the surface levels of experience to the romantic reaction against science which was first referred to above and which is symbolized in Wordsworth’s gibe that science “murders to dissect.”

The neutrality of science and technology has received a more formidable philosophical foundation than Kant’s through the movements of thought which are called empiricism and positivism. These latter philosophies are very influential among many interpreters of science today and in the schools of logical positivism and philosophical analysis. In this version, science merely describes nature’s observed sequences and regularities. It pro-

vides a shorthand notation for them. It can make no commitments as to whether reality is in its essence spiritual or material. There is only a neutral realm of data. Technology likewise is seen as a sphere of automation where electro-magnetic and other devices and built-in feed-back mechanisms, on the principle of the thermostat, for example, embody mathematically formulated regularities. They are directed to the performance of their tasks by engineers and scientists.

Behind this rigidly descriptive outlook lies a range of thought from David Hume through Comte, John Stuart Mill, Ernst Mach, Rudolph Carnap, and Bertrand Russell. Neutral monism and logical atomism are the terms that have been used to designate this philosophy. It has partly influenced the stream of consciousness trend in literature. In ethics it has led to a further view that all values are purely emotive and fundamentally arbitrary. We end up here with a position like Kant's which separates facts from values but which is hostile to Kant's view that values are at the heart of reality. Instead they are consigned to a realm of unreasoning prejudice. They are ultimately irrational as well as the institutions which sustain them. Good or evil, freedom and equality or slavery and inequality, justice or injustice, beauty or ugliness, fulfillment or frustration are but accidents of the changing human estate, products of the arbitrary history of institutions. At best all values are private intuitions of a personal kind. They have no relation to scientific and technological intelligence and belong to a wayward and incomprehensible realm apart from it.

A recent major sociological work by Hans Gerth and C. Wright Mills, *Character and Social Structure*, puts the modern neutral view of technology this way:

Technology is never autonomous. It is always instituted in some specific order or orders. In modern industrial society it is centered primarily in the economic and military orders, which not only stimulate it and "supervise" its production and distribution to other institutions, but are the orders in which it is most used. . . . In our society since the seventeenth century, science, technology and economic institutions have become firmly linked. . . . In and of itself the technological sphere is socially, economically and morally blind. It is no Messiah. It has no other aim than to allow man to implement any given end he may have with less physical effort in a shorter time. . . .

But institutions are not blind. Neither science nor technology are automatically at the service of mankind.

Ends and values then are moulded by our going institutions. It is simply our confusion in the face of the complexity of modern life that leads us to attribute either good or evil to science and the machine. Pessimism and optimism are equally fallacious. Atomic fission for example is neither a curse nor a blessing in itself. We must look to our institutional orders and habits, not to science and technology, if we would seek the proper objects of our value judgments.

A difficulty at once arises, however, about such a conclusion. Science and technology today possess vast associational foundations. Their personnel is professionally trained and organized on a national and international scale. The scientific and engineering and medical schools and departments of every university, the innumerable research foundations, the associations for the advancement of science represent a gigantic institutionalized aspect of modern civilization. If, as Gerth and Mills state, institutions are not blind, then surely science and technology cannot be relegated to a status of valuelessness.

Here then are two views, one which condemns modern technology as evil, the other which sees it as neutral and indifferent. Now the first of these views can be rejected outright as tradition-bound, anachronistic, and even mischievous. The second view, that technology is neutral, has seemed plausible enough to win a large following. It is worth noting, however, that one of its points of attraction is that it permits scientists, engineers, and other intellectuals to carry on their tasks with insulated urbanity, free from any disturbing thought that they are also, even as scientists and technicians, concerned with values and as such carry a burden of responsibility for the uses to which their work is put.

Let us turn then to a third position which binds technology to values and which is in fact the distinctive contribution of American thought to the philosophy of technology. It supplies the most penetrating philosophical analysis available of the role

that technology and science have played in American culture, and, indeed, in the modern world. This is the interpretation of Veblen and John Dewey and more recently of the economist C. E. Ayers. It is to be found in Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*, his *Theory of Business Enterprise* and the *Instinct of Workmanship*, in Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct*, *Theory of Valuation*, and in his *Individualism Old and New*, in Ayers' *Theory of Economic Progress* and *The Industrial Economy*. It is not surprising that America, where technology is more completely exploited and more fully matured than in any other country of the world, should have provided the deepest insight into its nature and role. It rivals that part of the Marxian analysis of society and culture which emphasizes science, the unity of theory and practice, the forces of industrial production, and the proper role of man as functional worker in society. Otherwise, the parallel ends and the relation between this position and Marxism is one of intense hostility and constant polemics.

It was Veblen who dramatized the contrast between the worlds of leisure and work, business and industry; between acquisitive, pecuniary, and power motives with their accompaniment of conspicuous leisure and consumption and the motives of production and service. Underlying these contrasts was his ironic delineation of what is static and archaic, ceremonial and honorific in culture, a hangover from the habits and ideologies of the past as against that which is of use for the collective life-processes of civilization and which genuinely enhances the common life. In the America of 1900, he decided, the former was parasitic upon the latter and only the latter was functional and efficient in the service of humane ends. He called it the concept of workmanship and contrasted it with the concepts of ownership, status, and profitability. It is noteworthy that the naturalistic novelists within the same climate of thought as Veblen and Dewey concentrated their dissent on the web of finance and politics and its control of economic life, not on the machine. Take as examples Norris's *The Octopus*, London's *The Iron Heel*, Dos Passos's *U. S. A.*, Dreiser's *The Financier* and *The Titan*. Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, and many others can also be cited. Hans Otto Storm, even more than Dos Passos, was the writer who most con-

sciously embodied Veblen's perspective. Maxwell Geismar has pointed out that it was these so-called "materialistic and atheistic" dissenters who carried the moral burden of our religious and ethical heritage.

In other words, the trouble with blanket condemnation of machine technology has been precisely the failure to make Veblen's distinctions and the resulting confusion of technological motivation with pecuniary and power motivation. The factual subordination of the former to the latter largely results in the contempt of many humanists for technological man. Yet E. A. Havelock, a Harvard classicist, in a recent book on the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus (entitled *The Crucifixion of Intellectual Man*) explains how the ancient Greek Prometheus symbol visualized technologically inventive man as the helper, the benefactor, the lover, and the scientific imagination itself as long range prevision and foresight, the inevitable enemy, therefore, of the vested interests of Olympus. He reminds us that the Greek conception of *techné* is a unity of theoretical and practical intelligence and of the sciences of nature and man and that to separate moral and aesthetic purpose from intelligence is to cripple the range of moral action and artistic creation.

It is this Greek perspective, stressed by Havelock, that emerges afresh in John Dewey. For Dewey, interest in technique is precisely the thing which is most promising in our civilization, the thing which in the end will break down the present devotion to external standardization and the mass quantity ideal. Science itself is an organization of intelligence which has its very origin in the control of technical processes through tools and skills. For Dewey, there is no dualism of pure and applied science. The separation of the two is artificial and the latter is in the same mental company as the former. Indeed, Dewey and his followers insist that science and technology are the true sources of wealth, the true meaning of industry. Only by overcoming the cleavage between the goals of industry and those of business can America's industrial potential and the realization of full production be achieved. This is what Dewey has in common with Veblen. Besides industry versus business, other cleavages and oppositions in our culture, like ideals versus techniques, ends

versus means, the individual versus society, dogmatic religion versus the religious attitude, must according to this philosophy likewise be eliminated. This can be done only by recognizing the nature and meaning of scientific intelligence in its broadest sense.

To explain intelligence in that broadest sense, Dewey elaborated the logic of instrumentalism. It is a development of the earlier ideas of Charles Peirce. All ideas are intellectual tools employed in experimental operations for the solution of the problems which arise in experience. All tools are embodiments of ideas. Instrumentalism is a name for competent reflective thinking in every sphere of culture, and technology and science are seen as providing the clearest pattern of such thinking. That is why he also calls his philosophy Experimentalism. Instrumental, experimental, technological are synonymous terms. They indicate that intelligence is operational, the opposite of the conception of a static "Reason" which stands for, or arrives at, absolute truth and eternal, authoritative fixed systems of dogma. Intelligence is a means of testing and verifying actions, of finding direction within the on-going processes of life. It furnishes no certainties that remain forever unchallengeable and unproblematical, but it provides the drive which gives continuity and significant direction to our many-faceted experience.

Continuity and significant direction involve values, and it is in this connection that Dewey applies his logic of instrumentalism to values. Now an adequate philosophy of values is at the heart of the problem of technology. The neutrality theory which I have dealt with has the great shortcoming that it denies any positive value role to science or technology, leaving the question of value or disvalue to social institutions alone, to the individual intuition, or to both. Values do not derive from some ultimate source beyond the active processes of cultural life. They emerge within the process and are continuous with it. The means available dictate the ends attainable and enter into them. The attainable ends arise from and in turn dictate the appropriate means. Examine all genuine achievement in the careers of craftsmen, scientists, statesmen or artists, and you will find that all advance their insights only as their skill increases stage by stage,

that they can never be described as pursuing from the start a single predetermined and fixed goal. It is the same in all human affairs. The instrumental, technological process is a continuous one in all human behavior. Permeating it is the logical test of consistency, coherence, rightness.

Dewey's instrumental theory of values taken together with his philosophy of experience (he acknowledged late in life that he should have used "culture" instead of "experience") reveals that his philosophical aim is an integration of science, technology, democracy, ethics, and art. Such an integration, however, is not to be achieved, said Dewey, by the monolithic domination of any single factor in experience. In *Freedom and Culture* he wrote:

The problem of freedom of cooperative individualities is a problem to be viewed in the context of culture. The state of culture is a state of interaction of many factors, the chief of which are law and politics, industry and commerce, science and technology, the arts of expression and communication, and of morals, or the values men prize and the ways in which they evaluate them; and finally, though indirectly, the system of general ideas used by men to justify and to criticize the fundamental conditions under which they live, their social philosophy.

Of this concept of integration J. H. Randall of Columbia recently remarked: "No other philosophy in the world today can claim to offer such immediate illumination and guidance to our confused generation except dialectical materialism, which as a dialectical monism has little to offer to American experience in comparison to Dewey's experimental pluralism."

For Dewey, the American way of life at its best is its instrumental-institutional behavior pattern. Technology is a dynamic force. Behind it is science with its truth values. C. E. Ayers, the institutional economist, combines the views of Veblen and Dewey to stress that always and everywhere science and technology make for change. They are the true permanent revolution. They open up new areas of activity, transform physical conditions, press and intrude upon our institutions so as to bend and coerce them into the required modifications for the realization of a broader measure of general welfare. Technology is not a physical thing but a form of skilled behavior, something people do and enact, made possible by the tools they

have fashioned, tools which are themselves the funded experience of the industrial age and which embody the funded intelligence of modern science. The static traditional features of institutions, their habitual and ceremonial features, and the power of vested interests, cannot in the end withstand the relentless continuous pressure of scientific and technological intelligence. That intelligence is experimental in temper. It has the power to test all ideas in terms of actual results in the laboratory of life. Technology and science are ends and means at once, not means only. They make planning inevitable, not a totalitarian but a pluralistic planning.

Fifty years after Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*, Dewey in *Individualism Old and New* reformulated Whitman's challenge to American writers and artists in terms of the philosophical insights which I have here described. Like Whitman's, the challenge is in terms of the two principles of democracy and personality. For all the buoyancy of Dewey's thought, it must be admitted that the crucial question is whether anti-individualism and dehumanization are intrinsic to our technological civilization. Henry Adams in *The Education* is appalled as he contemplates the dynamo and turns with brooding nostalgia to the Virgin as the admirable focus of force and vitality in another epoch. Historically, culturally, and politically sophisticated, he is economically naive. He considered an historical contrast between these two foci of power, one present, the other past, more important than the actual conflict in America between economic and political power or the imminent struggle in the world at large, of which he was nevertheless vaguely aware, between capitalism and socialism. John Dewey in his *Individualism Old and New* penetrates far more deeply into the contemporary problem of culture. Less aesthetically influential than Henry Adams, he yet throws out a magnificent new challenge to the creative mind in America. In the tradition of Whitman's *Vistas*, he does not bemoan but defends America against its European detractors. His experimental naturalism, like Whitman's transcendental naturalism, accepts the material foundations of our civilization. He sees as inevitable the present trend toward ever larger units of economically and politically associated life and the type of interdependence forced upon man by science and technology. But

he sees uniformity, quantification, and mechanization as a passing early phase. He insists that in the end technique can only signify the emancipation of individuality by producing abundance and removing the need for exploitation of the weak by the strong. But, again like Whitman, the real problem, he says, is effectively constructing a new individuality consonant with the demands of objective conditions. It is not only the philosophical task to formulate affirmative possibilities latent in these conditions. It is also the artist's and writer's tasks to adapt the human psyche in perception, feeling, and imagination to the full challenge and requisition of events. We need a new individualism to replace the old, traditional individualism. This should be an individualism freed from the bonds of dead devotions and ceremonial echoes of the past, imaginatively responsive to the affirmative role of science and technology in actual society and unalienated from the stream of public life.

John Dewey's view is a more coherently worked out, more philosophically consistent analysis of the nature and role of technology than is provided by Lewis Mumford's admirable *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities*. The reason is that in Dewey it is accompanied by so extended an integration of all aspects of culture. Mumford, on the other hand, dealt with technics under the handicap of a divided mind, one-half of it always wedded to a traditional and somewhat mystical concept of value. To overcome this he needed a more adequate philosophy of personality and a deeper grasp of social theory. Nevertheless he makes clear as crystal the affirmative possibilities of technology. In his later books, *The Condition of Man* and *The Conduct of Life*, he loses himself in vague conceptions of the renewal of personality and the development of an "organic" perspective.

One might feel today that Dewey's philosophy was over-optimistic in expecting so much from the sole method of intelligence and that he could do so only by underestimating the role of power, unreason, and terror in modern life. It can be argued that he paid too exclusive attention to the American scene to the neglect of negative forces that have produced the civil war of the West. Be that as it may, we will at our peril ignore what

he has had to say because he at least gives us insight into how we might cooperate with a world of machines, the speed of whose arrival has taken mankind unawares and unprepared in imagination as well as in thought.

FORT LINCOLN CEMETERY

By HENRY BIRNBAUM

On holidays they turn the grounds to fair,
Moving hushed and leisurely along the walks
Like visitors to a jeweler's display,
Restraining children with their Sunday strength
And commenting on the floral shows.
Other mornings we are two commuters
Meeting through the window of my bus;
I note, but briefly, how useful is
The canopy for digging pits and planting
Lettered stones, and find them needed
As oyster shells and basement drains.
And then on dowdy evenings I return
To see them staring through a darkening haze,
A scattered group of granite medals,
Marking our limited aggressions,
Asymmetrical as a still-life.

The wind

DOROTHY VAN ARK

When the clouds hung low over the mountains like that, it meant the wind was rising. Ida stood by the kitchen window and watched it come, beating down the dry winter prairie grass as it swept across the bleak fields. She felt it hurl against the farm house with the force of a tidal wave, making the old timbers groan and quiver. She watched it blow the fine particles of gritty sand under the window sill over her clean worn kitchen counter.

She hated the wind and she hated Eben, sitting there in front of the coal range cleaning his gun. For ten years now she'd been crawling out of the old iron bed ahead of him at daybreak to do the chores and cook his meals. But today was going to be different. The sound of his voice and the moan of the wind through the cracks of the house would soon be still. Today was the last time.

"Gonna blow for sure," he said, not looking up. "Radio said gusty winds up to eighty miles an hour. We better bring in extra coal next lull."

We, she thought bitterly, walking across the room to the range and shaking down the ashes, clenching the handle and cranking it back and forth furiously as though it were human. But her voice was even.

"I'll bring in another scuttle when I come back from feeding the rabbits." She didn't look at him, but bending over the range she could see his paraphernalia spread about his feet, like toys on a rainy day.

"No need you goin' out on a day like this. I can do the rabbits." But he didn't move.

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "One doe is expecting a litter. She's not used to you. No, Eben, I'll go."

He shrugged. "Okay."

She looked at him then and felt a catch, seeing him there for the last time. A shock of sandy hair had fallen across his brow

wind

as he bent over his work, making him look so boyish. How little he had changed in these ten years. He was thirty now, two years older than she, yet he looked the same as the day she had married him, just as handsome, not a tall man, but strongly built. She watched the rhythmic motion of his broad shoulders as he rubbed the oily rag back and forth on the barrel of the gun, uselessly back and forth as though there were nothing else in the world to be done.

Outside the wind rose, playing a mournful note as it blew through the weatherstripping at the window. He paused and looked up. "Wish't I'd got those braces nailed in the barn." He glanced out the window through the bare branches of the cottonwood that whistled against the wind, toward the neglected old barn. "Was it shakin' much this morning at milkin'?"

It was as though he had read her mind. What if he got up now and checked the barn? "It hadn't started blowing this morning at milking," she said casually, watching him closely. He turned back to his work and continued with the intensity of a child at play. That was it, he was like a child. Suddenly she wanted to give him every chance.

"You been talking about putting up those braces all winter," she needed. "One of these days you'll be sorry. Even the milk inspector said that barn wouldn't stand through many more winds."

"It's none of his business. His job's to inspect the milkhouse." But he looked out again at the barn. "The guy cables'll hold."

And how long has it been, she thought, since you looked at the guy cables? But she didn't say it. She'd given him his chance. "Guess I'll go out now," she said.

He didn't object. He just kept looking out toward the barn thoughtfully. "Worst blow I can remember here in years." He rose and walked slowly to the window. "Had one like this when I was a kid, the winter Dad died. Mom went out alone to do the chores. 'You wait inside, Eben,' she said. 'I can manage.' But afterwards I kept wishin' I'd gone with her."

"I guess she could manage all right. Your mother was the strongest woman I ever knew."

Eben didn't seem to hear her. He had turned away from the

window and was looking down at the gun, still in his hands. "I felt like that again at Saipan once. The captain asked for volunteers. I wasn't scared. I just didn't speak up quick enough. Dunno why. I keep wishin' I had."

She didn't comment. She had the feeling that if she did he wouldn't hear. It was as though she had already left. He went back and sat down, the gun across his knees. "Tonight," he said, "if it's still blowin', I'll do the chores."

Tonight, she thought, will be too late. He was always too late. She felt the bitterness rising in her again, mounting like the increasing fury of the wind. She felt, too, the lonely emptiness in the room and the gap between them, though he was close enough to touch if she just reached out her hand. She wouldn't, of course, and even if she did he wouldn't notice. He just sat there, his hands idle now, staring straight ahead at the range. He's as unhappy as I am, she thought, and remembered how it hadn't always been like this. But she'd done her share. More than her share. She did all she could to make him happy.

"Look, Eben," she said. "It's a good day to sort over your fishing tackle and flies. I'll get them for you." She reached up into the cabinet over the sink and brought down the boxes, setting them by his feet.

"Maybe I better go out with you first," he murmured.

"You don't need to. I'll wait for the lull." She was opening the lid of one of the boxes. He loved tying the flies and he made them beautifully. She glanced up into his face. He was looking past her into the box.

"Pretty things, aren't they?" he said. "You'd never think they could take it. They're so fragile."

Why can't he look at me like that? she thought desperately. If he'd only look at me like that now, I wouldn't go. She jumped up and hurried to the medicine chest, hanging on the wall by the kitchen door, and snapped it open. Inside were lipstick and powder and a bottle of cologne she had never opened. There was never time for such things. But now she broke the seal and unscrewed the top, almost frantically, and dabbed it behind her ears, feeling the cold fragrance.

She took out the powder and lipstick with trembling fingers and

closed the chest so she could look into the mirror. Her lips were dry and the lipstick felt smooth and soft. She had changed more than he. But I'm not old, she thought, and he used to consider me pretty. She dabbed on the powder, noticing her hands against the fine clear skin of her cheeks. They were tanned and strong and square at the fingertips. Working hands, she thought, and ran them quickly out of sight over the top of her head, smoothing her hair. It was drawn back severely into a tight bun at the nape of her neck, but it shone like the polished black top of her kitchen range and there were lights in it. There was a light in her large dark eyes, too, as she turned to him eagerly.

"We're due for the lull any minute. Shall I go now?"

He was reaching for the box at his feet. "Don't forget the scuttle of coal."

She hated him then. She spun back to the mirror again and her fingers no longer trembled. They were determined as she tied the old brown scarf about her head. She slipped into the worn deer-skin jacket and walked to the door. Then quickly, without looking back, she flung it open and plunged out into the gale.

For a moment she was unable to catch her breath in the wind. It pressed against her, pushing her back into the room. Then it caught the door and shut it behind her, with a bang, with finality. No, there was no turning back now. She had waited too long for this day.

Ida started fighting her way across the yard toward the barn, with the wind tearing at her skirt, flapping the jacket against her waist and screaming in her ears. She had never known it to be so fierce. She had always hated the wind, but she had never feared it. Now, standing there in the swirling dust and violence, she was afraid. Changing her course abruptly she faced head on into the wind, and fought her way toward the milk house and chicken coop, halfway to the barn. Built at an angle to each other, they formed an L-shaped haven.

She reached it and leaned her back gratefully against the chicken coop, glad that it hid the house from sight. She must only look forward now, to the barn there in front of her, close enough for her to hear the three guy wires twanging against the wind. She looked away quickly.

It steadied her to see the familiar surroundings about her, the weathered milk house door with the rabbit hutches lined up beside it. They were protected here. The strength of the wind was broken as it scooped down over the milk house roof. She watched it catch a white tuft of rabbit fur and swirl it around aimlessly before carrying it up in the air, and swiftly out of sight.

The rabbit fur meant Betsy had her litter! Ida hurried to the third hutch. Of all the animals on the place, she loved the rabbits best of all. She loved the way they had their babies every six weeks, without longing and without effort. She loved the way they pulled the soft hair from their chests to make their nests, and she always found it hard to wait a few days for the doe to settle down so she could peek in and count the litter.

Today she couldn't wait. Cautiously she opened the door and leaned inside. Betsy thumped the floor of the hutch and her nose quivered nervously as Ida parted the fluffy mound of white hair in the corner.

Six, no, seven little pink hairless bodies were nestled together, squirming as though they were still in the womb. Impulsively, though she knew she shouldn't touch them yet, she snatched one out and pressed its fragile little body against her cheek. She could feel its soft bones through the thin skin and the gentle beating of its little heart. Why couldn't it have been like this with her baby?

Just three months ago it was. She had relived that day again and again. Doc Osterhoff was bending over her, first time she'd been in bed since she was a little girl. "Well, now, Ida," he said, just like he used to when she was small, "what you been up to?" He was always doing that, gently scolding his patients like a Dutch uncle while suffering right along with them. Everybody loved him like a member of the family. They even called him Unc.

But the twinkle went out of his eyes as he examined her. She noticed how gray his hair had grown and how tired he looked. "Why haven't you been coming in for your regular visits, Ida?" he demanded.

She felt like a child again, young and safe. She hadn't been bossed or scolded or protected for so long. It was comforting.

"There's been so much snow lately and the driveway's so long," she explained. "I didn't want Eben to have to shovel it out."

He snapped open his bag. "Why not? Eben's strong as an ox. You've been waiting too long for this baby to take any chances."

"Chances? What chances? Everything's all right, isn't it, Unc? There's nothing wrong!"

He took her hand in his. "Ida, there's plenty wrong. This baby isn't due for four months, but it's coming tonight. I don't even dare move you to town. And the chances, my dear—they are very slim."

She clutched at his arm. "Unc, you gotta do something. Do something, please!"

He was moving swiftly, taking things out of his bag, talking all the time, still gently scolding her. "I'll do all I can, Ida, but I know you. You've been doing the chores, the heavy work. You shouldn't be doing it, pregnant or not."

She never cried but the tightness in her chest that had been building up these last years was suddenly released. The sobs came now, dry and tearless. "Unc, it's been so long. I've waited so long for my baby. You've got to help me."

Her anguish was reflected in his eyes and the lines about his mouth cut deeper. "Listen, Ida, our only hope is to stop the contractions. You've got to relax." He looked through the door. "Eben," he called. "Come in here, Eben!"

"Oh, no!" she gasped. "He's never seen me like this. He mustn't come in."

Unc grasped her shoulders, looking straight into her eyes. "Ida," his voice was firm, "I brought you into this world. Forty hours it took, and your mother sent your father down the road to your grandma's. You're all alike, you Jeske women. You baby your men. You never need them. Eben belongs here."

"No, no!" she sobbed. But Unc insisted and, when Eben came in, she pressed her face into the pillow and never uttered another sound. He sat by her bed all through the long night. Finally when it was over, she turned her face to the wall.

"Ida," he whispered hoarsely. "Look, Ida. I'm sorry." But she didn't answer. It was too late. He was always too late.

The plan came to her while she was recovering. She would lie there in the dim room and look at the ceiling, seeing the cracks that crawled across the plaster. She would study the smudged and faded wallpaper and think about how Eben always said he was going to patch and repaint it "one of these days." She had never been idle before and there was lots of time to think.

She remembered the day she had first got to know Eben, though she'd seen him before, walking silently beside his mother on their rare trips to town. It was at a church picnic shortly after his mother had died. Her heart went out to him that day as she saw him sitting there a little apart from the group, lonely and ill at ease. She had brought him his plate and talked with him through the long, hot afternoon, going back to the punch bowl to bring him cool, frosty cups. She wanted to help him then, but the trouble was the more she did for him the more he let her, even after they were married and came out to the farm to live.

Perhaps she had spoiled him. But what could she do? She had to keep busy; she had to fill in the empty hours and ease the longing for the children that never came. It was all his fault. He never should have let her do it. Lying there in bed, feeling the hopeless emptiness inside her, she knew he was to blame. In the cold, early dawn she would watch him get up and go out to do the chores she usually did, and she was glad. She never wanted to get up again.

It was the wind that finally made her want to get up. The wind gave her the answer. Hour after hour she would lie there in the dismal room and listen to it. Some days it was low and monotonous, like the lonely years she had spent in this house. Then there were the gusty days, when the wind was like the labored breathing of a dying person. At first steady, then slowly working up into a frenzied, anguished gasping, louder and louder to a crescendo. Then quite suddenly—still.

It came like that now, the lull, the deathly silence as she leaned against the milk shed. Now she must hurry! She would probably have three or four minutes before the wind came again. She ran ahead to the west side of the barn, to the cement block where the

three guy cables supporting the barn were connected. She'd planned every step. Even if he were looking out the kitchen window, the milk house hid her from sight. She picked up the crowbar he always kept in the dry weeds for convenience.

For convenience, she thought scornfully. Why, he hadn't even been out to look at the cables all winter. And every farmer with an old barn around here knew he had to tighten the turn-buckle several times during the windy season to keep the cables taut. Eben knew it too, but lately she'd been taking over so much, he had let things slip more than ever.

Perhaps he thought she was tightening the cables. Well, she wasn't. That was man's work. She'd be blest if she'd do it! But she'd been watching. She had seen the rust eating deeper and deeper into the cables, fraying the outer strands. She'd been waiting for this moment when the crowbar, thrust into the turnbuckle and twisted slightly, would snap the cables entirely.

She was excited now, her breath coming in short gasps though it took no exertion. It was very simple and there was little noise. She watched the first cable snap, then the second and then the third. She was only helping a little so she could be there when it happened. It still would be his fault, his neglect. Everyone would know that. And so would he, after it was over.

She looked way up at the roof and then down along the splintered, cracking boards of the barn. It wouldn't take long on a day like this. Two or three minutes, perhaps less. Slowly and deliberately she walked around the side of the barn and through the door. Now all she had to do was wait.

Eben knew she was getting the rabbit food. When he heard the crash, he'd know she was in the barn. Oh, how eagerly she had served him these last three months, anticipating his every need, doing more and more for him, preparing him for the time when he should live—without her.

Ida moved to the center of the barn and shuddered in the damp still air. She thought of Eben back there in the kitchen before the warmth of the range. There were pork chops for his dinner and potatoes all cooked and cut up ready for the pan, with little pieces of onion. He liked them with onions.

She looked up and studied the heavy supporting center beam.

She listened for the distant moan of the wind that would soon start down in the valley, gaining strength as it swept up the hillside to the barn. But she was thinking of Eben. She saw him in clear little snatches. The way he sat on the edge of the bed, the mattress sagging under his weight as he took off his shoes each night and left them right there in the middle of the floor. She saw him sitting on the back steps in the warm spring sunshine, looking sadly off toward the mountains and flicking the ashes from his cigarette into the cuff of his jeans. Then she heard it, the familiar low moan, and she stood very still. She was not afraid.

The wind hit with crushing fury and the west wall of the barn creaked and swayed. Above her the great beam groaned against the pressure and started splitting apart at the end of the roof. She had a flash of her face in the mirror as she had smoothed on the lipstick and of Eben bending down to pick up the box at his feet. She saw the old iron skillet and the stubborn grease of the pork chops that he'd have to wash out. Suddenly she wanted to do it for him. He needed her. She wanted to go to him.

Without thought or reason she ran for the door. She didn't want to leave Eben. The wind beat against her as she ran out the door, and the sand stung her face and eyes. She couldn't see. She fought forward with all her strength, but she couldn't make any headway. Panic seized her and Eben's voice was in her ears, "Maybe I better go with you." But she hadn't let him.

"Eben!" she called. Then she stumbled and fell, feeling the sharp rocks dig into her knees and chest. Behind her she could hear the splintering timbers of the barn. Frantically she crawled forward, tasting the grit between her teeth and clawing at the ground with her fingers to pull herself forward to the protection of the milk house. "Eben!" she gasped again. Her cry could not be heard above the howl of the wind, but it helped her to call his name. She didn't feel so alone. It gave her strength and she was making headway now. She'd make it. She had to!

Finally the stinging sand and the beating pressure of the wind lessened, and she knew she was safe at last. She just lay there against the milk house, catching her breath and letting her body relax on the hard ground. She remembered lying in bed that

night when Unc had said, "You Jeske women baby your men; you never need them."

But I did need Eben out there in the wind. I called him, and he'll never know. Slowly she raised her head. And I'll never tell him. I don't want him to know.

The thought struck as forcibly as the wind had struck her out there in the yard. And it was just as crushing. I only want him to need *me*. I want to baby him, just like Unc said, and then feel sorry for myself when he lets me.

She pressed her face into the ground. There was no feeling, just a numbness and an awful heaviness inside her. It's my fault, Eben. I've done this to you, and I don't know whether I can ever change. But I'm going to try. Next time you offer to help me, I won't stop you.

Behind her she heard the splitting sound of the boards giving way. Slowly she turned and sat up, hating to look yet unable not to. What she saw turned her blood to ice. She wanted to scream, but her throat contracted. There was only the sound of the rushing wind and the crumbling barn—with Eben fighting his way toward it, only a few strides from the door.

Her voice came then, a scream, high pitched and strained. "Stop! Eben! Stop! I'm not in there! I'm here!" But the words, carried away on the wind, were only a grating in her throat. This time she couldn't stop him. This time he couldn't hear.

She jumped up and started toward him. "Wait, Eben! Wait!"

But Eben didn't wait. He was closer to the door now, struggling forward, his head down, determined to go to her inside the barn. She was still so far from him. She could never make it.

But she had forgotten the wind. It was beating against his shoulder, pushing him out of line with the door, making every step a battle. But the wind was at her back, pressing behind her, carrying her on as though she were flying, her feet scarcely touching the ground. Now the wind was her friend.

Roughly it flung her against him and the impact threw them both to the ground. Eben grabbed her arm, dragging her back from the barn. "Get your face down!" he ordered. As she obeyed, she heard the splitting crash and breathed stifling dust as the west wall of the barn collapsed and the roof fell in.

Above them the wind rushed on, the pitch of its scream mounting, reaching for the crescendo. Flat on the ground they clung to each other, waiting for the safety and peace of the lull.

VIRGINAL

By RICHARD FOSTER

There is no shame upon this peerless day,
No taint upon this birth,
As spring labors in a gentle way
To bear this leaf, this earth,
This seedling year.
Were there a fear,
Were there a perishing, it is forgot.
Our trees are ripe with green and ringing
With angel singing,
And in our sun and swaying meadow plot
Flowers tangle in an easy wind.

Could brown Eve and her consort grave,
That pretty pair that in some garden sinned,
Could they but tread this budding sod,
They'd think their Paradise but passing brave,
They'd think their Sire and angry God
Grown old and tickled by a whimsy grace.

And we do blink and gaze around this wondrous place,
The hushed and sinless fruiting of this day,
For spring labors in a gentle way.

William Faulkner's apologia: some notes on "A Fable"

C. N. STAVROU

"If the spectacle of the outside world fails to have anything but a negative significance for us, then our inner minds which are filled through our senses with this outsideness either become negative also or we have to create a reality of inwardness to affirm our own existence in the face of the negation of the outer world." Stephen Spender

The conflicting reviews of *A Fable* (1954) have shown that critical unanimity is a desideratum still to be reached in the interpretation of William Faulkner's work and philosophy. Even before the Nobel Prize Address (1950) critics had begun rereading his novels to determine whether the mellower outlook on life exhibited in *Intruder in the Dust* (1949) was a repudiation of Faulkner's former pessimism or a different emphasis within the same old framework. After the Address, their efforts were redoubled. Their success, however, was at best only a qualified one. The compassion, pity, and hope, which Faulkner extolled at Stockholm as the eternal verities without which truly great literature could not hope to survive, did not appear prominently in his novels of naturalistic violence. It was claimed that what he professed contradicted what he practiced. *Requiem for a Nun* (1951), to be sure, was a well-intentioned attempt to dramatize the message of the Address. But this novel proved so inferior artistically to his former work that few granted it a serious hearing. For the most part, it was dismissed as a trite and inept utterance of Christian platitudes. Faulkner, it was rumored, displayed signs of senile pietism and appeared to be groping awkwardly in the general direction of T. S. Eliot's sanctuary.

That Faulkner, who began reading the critics after his international recognition, took offense at many of these strictures cannot be doubted. That he perceived they were in part true is equally certain. These considerations, no doubt, were in some measure responsible for the crucial position which the phrases "will endure" and "will prevail" occupy in *A Fable*. For Faulkner's most recent work is, if nothing else, an attempt to clarify, elaborate, and

validate what many dismissed too airily as facile optimism, Southern rhetoric, and the commercial complaisancy of one who had arrived. Twelve years in the writing, *A Fable* contains the most deliberate and considered statement of Faulkner's thought to date. Such a claim is amply borne out by the author's self-conscious preciousness à la James Joyce, his lengthy sermonic passages, the solemnity aimed at by his use of the Gospels, the frequent allusions to his former works, and the metronomic regularity with which he reiterates the incantation: courage and pride, purity and constancy, honor and truth. Divergent explications of Faulkner's *magnum opus* will probably furnish literary quarterlies with material for many years to come. But of one thing we can be certain. Concerning one particular, *A Fable* leaves no room for disagreement. Faulkner repeats his conviction that, despite megalomaniacs and alphabet-bombs, despite benighted dogmas of governments and religions, despite greed, iniquity, and cruelty, Man will endure and prevail. This time, however, he takes special pains to make clear to his readers that his affirmation predicates sacrifice and suffering. And, what is more, that sacrifice and suffering are not only inevitable but necessary to Man's survival. Regardless of how vain and futile individual sacrifice may appear to be, it is meaningful if for no other reason than for affording the individual an opportunity to assert his individuality and reaffirm his faith in Man and the eternal verities. This is Faulkner's credo; it is his answer to Temple's question at the end of *Requiem for a Nun*: "Believe what, . . . ? Tell me."

Those unable to extract this interpretation from the involuted, labyrinthine sentences of *A Fable* may find the identical sentiments in a speech Faulkner gave at his daughter's high school graduation. Here, in part, is what Faulkner told the seniors at University High School on May 28, 1951:

Our danger is the forces of the world today which are trying to use man's fear to rob him of his individuality, his soul, trying to reduce him to an unthinking mass by fear and bribery . . . for their own aggrandisement and power, or because they themselves are baffled and afraid, afraid of, or incapable of, believing in man's capacity for courage and endurance and sacrifice.

That is what we must resist, if we are to change the world for man's peace and security. It is not men in the mass who can and will save

Man. It is Man himself, created in the image of God so that he shall have the power and the will to choose right from wrong, and so be able to save himself because he is worth saving; Man, the individual, man and woman, who will refuse always to be tricked or frightened or bribed into surrendering, not just the right but the duty too, to choose between justice and injustice, courage and cowardice, sacrifice and greed, pity and self.

Obviously, these words are neither those of an idealist nor a confirmed pessimist. Rather, they are those of one who is painfully conscious of the need for a melioration in a world where war, tyranny, and exploitation are rampant, but who also knows that very little can be done unless Man himself wills it. They define Faulkner's vision as one which can contemplate the unpleasant aspects of the outside world without identifying itself with the negative objects of its contemplation or retreating into the creative idealism described by Stephen Spender. There is no contradiction in such a vision; nor does it have any affinities with the romantic idealism of Shelley or the cosmic determinism of Hardy. To have unbounded hope and faith in the intrinsic worth and dignity of mankind despite his Yahoo propensities is to be a realist—nothing more, nothing less.

Faulkner sees life steadily and he sees it whole. Along with the violent brutality, the depraved sexuality, and the strident decadence, his fiction incorporates sympathy and love, courage and idealism, generosity and self-sacrifice. His harsh portrayal of external reality is no more an indication of approbation than Milton's heroic and grandiloquent Satan is proof of the Puritan poet's apostasy. The "thesis," "antithesis," and "synthesis" of Southern writers are present in Faulkner's novels, but they are not employed as a Hegelian dialectic. Faulkner's apperception of reality is colored by all three: the Plantation South of Tate's "Ode to the Confederate Dead" and Ransom's "Antique Harvesters"; the South of the Civil War and Reconstruction, which was metaphorically ravished, plundered, and afflicted with a dynastic wound; and the South of the Present, which Erskine Caldwell, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers, Caroline Gordon, Robert Penn Warren, and Tennessee Williams have arraigned for its materialism and amoral naturalism. But Faulkner, although on occasion urged into indignation, impatience, sentimentalism, sardonic hu-

mor, and Swiftian invective, manages on the whole a commendable equanimity and objectivity. Those who identify Faulkner with the Waste Land elements in his work do him an injustice. True, more often than not his fiction dwells on the tragic rather than the comic, but his last three novels, *Intruder in the Dust*, *Requiem for a Nun*, and *A Fable*, as well as his most recent collection of short stories, *Knight's Gambit* (1949), have done much to right the balance. In these, despair and horror have, in some measure, been attenuated, and hope and humanitarianism are much more in evidence.

Intruder in the Dust undertakes to offer a solution to the social problem posed in *Light in August* (1932). *Requiem for a Nun* endeavors to perform a similar service for *Sanctuary* (1930). Unfortunately, the novels presenting the "solutions" are inferior to those embodying the "problems." In the latter, the denunciation of selfishness, prejudice, cruelty, cowardice, mendacity, hypocrisy, money-lust, and power-mania is implicit in the tragic persecution of Joe Christmas (*Light in August*) and the invidious gangsterdom tyranny of Popeye Vitelli (*Sanctuary*); in the former, the criticism is explicit but confined almost exclusively to tedious speechmaking by Gavin Stevens. Lucas Beauchamp (*Intruder in the Dust*) is rescued from the mob violence which victimized Joe Christmas because at least four citizens of Jefferson placed human decency and human dignity before racial prejudice and distorted religious zeal. Faulkner, however, honestly admits that fearless champions of the eternal verities are insignificant in number when compared to the multitudes obsessed with a frantic greed for money and addicted to the dubious wonders of the mechanical genie. *Requiem for a Nun* was apparently designed to reclaim Temple Drake (now Mrs. Stevens) and indoctrinate her with the Faulknerian credo. Nancy Manningoe, a Negress and former dope-fiend and whore, is cast here in a role similar in function to that of the Corporal in *A Fable*. Nancy murders the Stevens baby in order to prevent her mistress from reverting, after a period of enforced conventional morality, to her wayward ways as Temple Drake. Nancy, like Dilsey in *The Sound and the Fury*, seems to feel subconsciously that her duty is to save whichever of Temple's good qualities—dormant and half-effaced though they may be—are still capable of, and susceptible to, rejuvenation. But

although Nancy, like the Corporal in *A Fable*, is anxious to inspire others with her knowledge of Faulkner's creed, neither Temple nor the reader are especially enlightened or comforted. *Requiem for a Nun* ends rather ambiguously:

NANCY

Believe.

TEMPLE

Believe what, Nancy? Tell me.

NANCY

Believe.

Where *A Fable* rises above the plea for toleration and justice in *Intruder in the Dust* and the preaching of the need for moral integrity and altruism in *Requiem for a Nun* is in its commendable refusal to weight the case in favor of Faulkner's beliefs. The suicides of the young Jewish aviator in the R.A.F. and the Catholic priest, who sought in vain to dissuade the Corporal from martyrdom, are moving tragedies in disillusionment and self-betrayal, respectively. They are adequate proof that Faulkner's perception of cruel actuality has not been blurred by his Tennysonian (rather than Browningsque) hopefulness. In the Marshal, moreover, we have a Devil's Advocate who merits comparison with Milton's Satan and Dostoevski's Grand Inquisitor. By placing in his mouth the beguiling arguments of Milton's Mammon and Belial, Faulkner has given the lie to those critics who rashly accuse him of refusing to appreciate the extent to which mechanical materialism and commercial expediency determine individual, national, and international conduct. So persuasive is the Marshal's dialectic, in fact, that many readers will probably mistake him for Faulkner's spokesman. Yet the author has made it quite clear that he is intended to be the Caesar to the Corporal's Christ.

The Marshal knows that the Corporal's resolve to die is noble, right, and necessary. But he cannot admit this even to himself. A long time ago, he had accepted his society and civilization on its own terms. He is too old and too well versed in Man's recalcitrance to believe the Corporal's philosophy can benefit the world. Consequently, he refuses to repudiate what he has rational-

ized as the necessary evils of that social order which has placed him in an eminent position of public trust. He has sympathy for the Corporal since he feels (and history cannot confute him) that Christian martyrs are fools. His efforts to bribe the Corporal to renounce martyrdom recall to our minds the temptation of Christ by Satan in the Wilderness:

"I champion of this mundane earth which, whether I like it or not, is, and to which I did not ask to come, yet since I am here, not only must stop but intend to stop during my allotted while; you champion of an esoteric realm of man's baseless hopes and his infinite capacity—no: passion—for unfact. . . . So once more: take the earth." (p. 348)

The Marshal gives away the mainspring of his ethic in his overmastering eagerness to win the Corporal through the proffer of power and sway: " 'You will be God, holding him [man] forever through a far, far stronger ingredient than his simple lusts and appetites: by his triumphant and ineradicable folly, his deathless passion for being led, mystified, and deceived.' " (p. 349) When his self-intoxicating flow of oratory is calmly short-circuited by the Corporal's admonition to him not to be afraid, the awe-inspiring Generalissimo of the Allied Armies is momentarily nonplussed. His recovery, however, is rapid, and he manages his self-deception with some dignity, despite the serene albeit disquieting and gently-reproving gaze of his unlettered and illegitimate son:

"I don't fear man. I do better: I respect and admire him. And pride: I am ten times prouder of that immortality which he does possess than ever he of the heavenly one of his delusion. Because man and his folly—"

"Will endure," the corporal said.

"They will do more," the old general said proudly.

"They will prevail." (p. 354)

The Marshal's boast, however, rings hollow because it is a scientific induction which views man purely as a biological entity and refuses to grant him anything (specifically, an immortal soul) by which he may distinguish himself from brute creation. The Marshal accepts more destructive wars and more intense mechanization as necessary and inevitable. His repeated adjurations to

the Corporal to choose life instead of death testify to his own unacknowledged fear, which even led him to conspire with the German High Command against (in the words of the Quartermaster General) " 'the simple and unified hope and dream of simple man.' " To the Marshal, human beings fall into two classes: those who know and those who do not want to know. The former realize the futility of suffering for their fellow-men, whom they regard as unregenerate, and believe it is their right and duty to exploit the gullibility of the masses for their own as well as the masses' best interests. The latter, comprising the insulted and injured of Faulkner's world, suffer and endure because they reject the authority of earthly Caesars and sustain themselves by the words of Christ.

All of man's dreams and aspirations represent idle chimeras to the Marshal since they are not rooted in fact and do not premise mankind's ineradicable folly. Significantly enough, he solicits the Church to aid him in undermining the Corporal's steadfast resolve to die. The Church (in the person of the Catholic Priest) is his partner in collusion, for the Church, like him, has denied all of Christ which is not dogma and has adopted Caesar's ways to insure its continuance. Faulkner here may well be recalling that in Blake, Urizen (Tyrant-Reason & Hypocrite-Morality) is invariably abetted in his oppression and enslavement of Albion (Universal Man) by the Priests. After the Marshal has failed to move the Corporal, he sends the Priest to plead in his behalf. And, in the dialogue which ensues, Faulkner assails religious hypocrisy even more vehemently than in *Light in August* and *Intruder in the Dust*. At first, the Priest, like the Marshal, seeks to exculpate himself rather than to convert the Corporal as he rationalizes the Church's temporizing with Caesar:

"It was Paul, who was a Roman first and then a man and only then a dreamer and so of all of them was able to read the dream correctly and to realize that, to endure, it could not be a nebulous and airy faith but instead it must be a *church*, an *establishment*, a morality of behavior inside which man could exercise his right and duty for free will and decision, not for a reward resembling the bedtime tale which soothes the child into darkness, but the reward of being able to cope peacefully, hold his own, with the hard durable world." (p. 362)

Before the interview is over, however, his conscience betrays him. Suddenly horror-struck by his own apostasy and shamed into a confession of his connivance with the Marshal, he begs the Corporal's forgiveness and embraces a welcome suicide soon after.

Unlike the Priest, the Marshal is not troubled by compunctions of conscience, and he orders the execution of his natural son with complete impassiveness. He is not especially cruel or vindictive, but he is apprehensive of those who impede the smooth functioning of war protocol by introducing such irrelevancies as human dignity, compassion, and sacrifice. That is why, although he protests indifference to the Quartermaster General, he exerts himself to the utmost to thwart the rehearsal of Golgotha. That is why he ruthlessly orders a murderous barrage of artillery fire to rake both the German and Allied adherents to the gospel of pacifism and fraternal love preached by the Corporal. Faulkner's principal indictment of the Marshal is voiced through the Quartermaster General and the Runner. The Quartermaster General submits his resignation when, after a lifetime of hero-worship, he learns of his superior's collusion with the German High Command against the pacifists. In a moving scene, he even taunts the Marshal for being afraid of a mere Corporal and a handful of disciples. And the Runner, who is the only survivor of that fearful artillery barrage albeit crippled and hideously scarred, is seen hurling a military medal at the coffin of the Marshal as the novel closes. The Runner is trampled to the ground by the angry French populace, but the Quartermaster General in civilian clothes is there to help him to his feet and share his feelings.

Such is Faulkner's dramatization of the message in his Nobel Prize Address. It is an eloquent and well-reasoned statement of his philosophy and defense of it. This is what he has agonized to believe and what he is convinced the rest of mankind must believe if man-as-spirit as well as man-as-flesh is to survive. Whatever the shortcomings of *A Fable* as a literary work of art are, there can be no disputing its inestimable value in appraising Faulkner's thought. Nor can a novel which invites and, what is more, merits comparison with *Brothers Karamazov* be dismissed as an entirely abortive literary endeavor.

GAME OUT OF HAND

By ALLISON ROSS

Heavy heavy lies over our head
the towering tree of smoke
blossoming with ten thousand skulls
and every skull alike.
O what shall we do to redeem it, Lord?
What shall we do to redeem it?

We'd fell the tree—but it will not fall!
nor subside to an unsplit seed . . .
Must we crawl on all fours to Neanderthal?
Or dance till the last tune's dead?

Heavy over our head the tree!
The roots deep in our heart
suckle themselves on our freezing blood
and riddle our brains to dirt.

Swing low Thy grace and lift us high
clean from the stifling smoke . . .
Ten thousand ways to come to Thee
and every way alike:

Swing high ourselves above the tree
and rise to heaven—but
all powdered rust lies charity
our only chariot.
O what shall we do to redeem it, Lord?
What shall we do to redeem it?

A BEE

By HAROLD WITT

A bee, immediate, buzzed on feet of fuzz,
tipping, brief as bliss, a tigerlily leaf,
merely there like air, without because—
gold bands and black, and wings of onyx gauze
and facet eyes, concernless of as if.

And whizzed despite our whys from cup to cup
down hairy stamens and stiff pistils, up
petals aesthete to us, yellow and gold and rose—
her business honey, ours vaguer than hers.

Ours, like crooked spies, subversive, sinister,
disguised by guilt and dimly sensuous,
to chart her like a star, speculate
her hows, call simple clouds, complexly, cumulus.

Now she is gone to zones, amber and intense;
the lily straightens up; the human poems this;
nothing is changed—except a universe.

Jungle gym

EMILIE GLEN

Ainsworths closing realities round Uncle Ned's coffin, vacations interrupted along with Uncle Ned's, the remains of a tan still on him, red tans ringing round him, his face, Dad's, his own, the usual smiling unsmiling.

"You'll be the next corpse, Dave," Uncle Emmet elbowed his brother, "if you don't retire before your heart gives out."

"Or worse," Aunt Edith talking, "linger on for years paralyzed from a stroke like my Drew. Those are the realities we have to face at our time of life."

Hard to be Ainsworth cleated for a footing in life and death and dying . . . "George," Uncle John's arm across his shoulders, smalled them, "don't it feel good to be the new production manager when most youngsters are at college duckin' life another four years? As your Uncle Ned lyin' there'd say, *you gotta come to grips.*"

Come to grips, canthooks . . . Mama's casket by the mirror she used to look into, fulling a scarf at her throat, deepening a wave . . . *You're not looking at your mother—George, look at your mother* . . . Dad after him up the stairs, arming him back down to the flower fog, the darkness before the mirror . . . *Now look, I'll not have a son who can't face reality.*

Uncle Leonard patted him as if he were a fellow musician in a tone deaf crowd . . . even with concert stage dreams, his uncle the strength to be Ainsworth, to face the reality of his musical limitations plus lack of business sense, and settle to a decent living as music professor at the Conservatory . . . *Father kept me from making a fool of myself*, he'd say, *by reminding me I was no Kreisler.*

Ainsworths about the room like hunks cut off a taffy rope, he, himself, a smaller Ainsworth snipping . . . "How did your dad and uncle Ned take to the play-yard equipment you designed? I liked the idea of getting away from the same old slides, and seesaws,

and jungle gyms, giving the youngsters' imaginations free play with tunnels, bridges, caves, unexpected twists and turns."

"Not practical, Dad says, can't be mass produced. He wanted to know what was I trying to do, turn the plant into a studio?"

"What's this?" Dad's claiming hand on his shoulder, tingling his spine with wanting to live up, be *son*.

"Just telling Uncle Leonard my play-ground idea might look good on paper, but the production costs are too high."

Uncle Leonard pinched in his straw Ainsworth brows. "It might be worth the publicity to bring out something new, get educators talking about it . . ."

"Those surrealist dreams? Can't see 'em. As Ned kept telling the boy, we have enough designers on the payroll—learn management."

Tall oak, dead leaf tanned, the funeral director busied about the coffin. Lamb for the funeral meal juiced through the smell of sweated flesh, hot breathed flowers, Ainsworth voices on hearty terms with death as Uncle Leonard, a pale fleck in their weave, tuned his violin for the service.

A flash fear pulled him over to the coffin, not Uncle Ned lying there in his remnants of summer tan—Uncle Leonard—his own body, the coffin too big for him . . . pain shock of his two axed fingers, blood spurtling the dangled finger, the one on the ground no part of him, no living part . . . but he must stop the blood, cement what was left to his hand instead of staring down as if the other finger had crawling life among the dead oak leaves . . . couldn't stop his blood, call for help when an Ainsworth had cut off his own arm above the elbow to free himself from car wreckage, another, directed his own rescue operations during seventeen hours down a shaft, another wrenched out a fish-hook embedded in his scalp.

Fire arrows against a sun shield, Uncle Ned's hair, energy enough to sit him up in his coffin, *You're management, boy, let the other fellow doodle around with designs.*

Belted into the coffin corner by the body viewers, he looked out as the eye of an Egyptian mummy case, seeing Ainsworths living on the round earth squarely, Cousin Al rocking back and forth on his heels to the chink of coins in pocket; Cousin Fred,

arm back in reassuring sniff of his own sweat; the blunt over the tactful, the fish on the hook, the bird brought down, what materials will or won't do, facts for truths, realities for the real, facing instead of fashioning.

"Face facts, Ralph," Cousin Edith was saying, who had herself faced the fact that her looks and manner were too unfortunate to ever attract a man. "You can't possibly win a fellowship with all those brilliant students competing."

Realities would be faced this day over the roast lamb: Aunt Ellen must go to a nursing home, Cousin Steve's marriage wasn't working out, Norrie would always be sickly . . . reality a seething, odorous porridge.

Self a sandpiper among their belches, tooth digging, elbow jogging. He crossed the jungle gym of a room, almost drew up short at his father in half-turn, kept on going, out the door and down the walk past the dark-dressed comers, away from funeral cars in sun dip, held out a hand to the rainbow spray of lawn sprinklers, ran to catch a bus, rode it to downtown noon.

Workers crowded out to the sidewalk griddle and into air-cooled restaurants . . . Parmalee's Toy Shop, its polka-dot gnome hopping in a horror of delight that he had walked out on Uncle Ned's funeral . . . The frosty breath reached him in to toys, little men's, little women's, brooms, mops, ironing boards, just like mother's; trucks, bulldozers, bombers, bazookas, just like father's . . . toys are real, toys are earnest . . . Why not a coffin game complete with casket, body, embalming fluid.

Bells, music boxes, hammerings, horns, sounds of a toy shop, the hum celestial . . . a child could go adventuring in his play yard, scale the glass mountain, find an eagle's nest, walk the walls of ancient cities, look for a lost civilization, explore the valleys of the moon, go on to create a world . . .

He revolved the door out to the pavement, frost air breaking to a wall of heat, walked toward the plant, streets dug up to pipe crawling earth . . . creak of coffin ropes about now, Dad above the earth trickle facing the reality of a son who had run out.

He rang the watchman's bell. "Thought you was at the burial."
"It's all over now."

Iron stairs rang his step through emptiness. He opened the

weighted fire door, fluorescence gone to sun pooling like lard oil under lathes . . . paints, grease, varnish rolled into a smear ball of smells. Sweat clouded his eyes. He opened the window by his work bench, clicked on the reluctant fluorescence.

Rolled sketches of his playground equipment, supposed to be discards over in the corner, slanted a shadow tower across his model village. He molded the contours with his hand . . . leaf shadows would star the domes, shadow light finger the tunnels and climb throughs, rain pearl the towers, snow sculpt to fantasy.

Ideas pinwheeled his brain . . . cliff dwellers, lake dwellers . . . caves for chimeras, crags for eagles' nests . . . elephants' trunks to slide down, camels to climb, hide-and-go-seek whale . . . Alone at his work bench, the plant a mist beyond his clearing of light, no Uncle Ned in his office above the spiral staircase, the lines he drew on his drafting paper could bring way worlds into a child's back yard, never letting him grow up to face, but to create; never life a bruising wall; the wondrous unreal; the beautiful, picture postcard.

No more *little men little women* toys. Children no longer dressed as if they had adult figures in miniature, nor need their toys be the grown-up world in miniature, but growth—growth in their imaginings through mazes and marvels; across the bridge, around the next turn, the opening of light at tunnel's end, just over the slope—the secret of it all.

He sketched a planet play yard sculptured by the winds of outer space, worked on into late light dusting past his clearing, jumped up to spread his work before someone . . . Who? . . . Dad just might now that Uncle Ned . . . He rolled the sketches under his arm, set the iron stairs to ringing. A bus for home was just pulling in.

Aunt Mabel was rocking in the glider chair under the copper beech, sun on the grass like her yellow loaves spread out to cool . . . Aunt Mabel's *real*, the good *real*, toward day's end, farm *real* . . . had come in from Uncle Dan's farm to mother him . . . comfortable as a sunbonnet . . . her arms about him rocking in the real world, the day world, rocking away the night . . . Dad's *real* of lawn-mower and vegetable garden, the ring of horseshoes at picnics.

"George, what happened? Were you ill?" . . . A crick in her mind from unaccustomed imaginings . . . "Your father's furious. Better think up a quick reason."

Dad out from the terrace with his hedge shears . . . "What's your explanation?" . . . eyes squinted in smiling unsmile.

"Walked out, that's all."

"Ran out, just like the time you couldn't look at your own mother lying there so lovely with her dark hair. Still can't face reality, can you?"

"Leave the boy alone. Sometimes a spell takes us."

"You put me in a hell of a position, damn you" . . . getting red as his azaleas . . . "You're not ready to be production manager. You're staying right where you are."

"I walked out to do some thinking—impossible at one of these family clambakes. I'm not sticking around the plant any longer. I'm going . . ."

"Out into the world no doubt, with your play sketches under your arm."

"I've just sketched some new ones, more workable. Want to take a look?" He spread them out on the lawn . . . if the light and shade could only sculpt them in the round. Dad squatted on his haunches, squinted; Aunt Mabel, muttering she couldn't make head nor tail, went off to baste her meat loaf. Dad so quiet that he could hear the beech shaking out its leaves to the breeze.

"Can't make head nor tail is right. As Uncle Ned would tell you, George, leave such problems to practical designers. No modern plant is geared for this sort of thing. It's more for a studio, each piece laboriously molded by hand."

"I don't get this *not geared*. The Ebhardts boast how they started with model airplanes and went into oil paint sets. It keeps the buyer coming to add something new to the line."

"No need—we're solid. Besides, we have all we can handle with our durable sellers."

"It wouldn't be difficult to set me up in a workshop, establish a prestige line. You have the sales organization to promote it."

"To promote a noncompeting line, but this competes" . . . Dad's sweat dropped to the sketch, smearing the soft lead.

"More than you think. If you can't see my ideas, I'll find a

manufacturer who will, or start a shop of my own. I'll bring my models and sketches to every park playground and school in the country."

"But you can't take orders until you go into production, and you can't go into production without capital."

"I'll get the capital somehow."

"Sure way is to keep at your job until you have enough capital. Earn the right to start in business on your own."

Could feel his own eyes squint in count of how long it would take at the new salary, or the old, if he had lost out as production manager . . . no formal education, not much training, he couldn't earn much.

"You've lots to learn before you go into any venture on your own. Did you ever read the facts on the alarming percentage of small business failures each year?"

Emotions overblown at a funeral like the hot, stinking flowers . . . couldn't work, think, live, at this intensity . . . no need to go rushing off on his own . . . he would bide his time . . .

Dad got off his squat to lie belly-wise before the planet playground with its wind crags and hollows . . . "We might—we just might" . . . he reached an end of pencil, indelible, from his pocket, and blued over the lines, reducing them to his machines until he had stripped the planet back to a slight variation of the old jungle gym.

He snatched the sketch away, the pencil slipping to a blue scar across it . . . *Bide your time, even keel, come to grips* . . . Ainsworth phrases a jammed juke box . . . rolled up the disfigured sketch, went past the sprinkler spray, the partly clipped hedge to the backyard . . . the marks of the old swing rope still on the branch of the cherry tree, grass grown over the gouges left by the slide and seesaw.

As through the bars of the old jungle gym he looked through branches to the yards down the way, swings, seesaws, wading pools, tree spaces above them forming to cliffs and caves and wind-cut planets in the reddening light.

Recommended reading

JESSE BIER (English) — W. J. Cash, *The Mind of the South*. "A cultural analysis which is a tour de force; depth psychology of a whole people—indispensable for understanding our South."

E. P. BOLLIER (English) — Santayana, *Three Philosophical Poets: Lucretius, Dante, Goethe* (Anchor Books). "A recent new paperback edition makes easily available again one of the finest studies of poetry ever written by an American. The book has charm as well as insight, the charm of a sensitive and profound mind exploring the works of three of the greatest poets in the western world with delicacy and skill, the charm of a mature stylist using a simple and beautiful English. The book is a small classic, full of a wisdom and compassion all too rare these days. Whoever reads it once will return to it again and again."

JOHN J. PATTON (English) — (1) Aldous Huxley, *Eyeless in Gaza*. "Huxley's tendency to be flippant and a little over-precious is entirely absent from this interestingly constructed and completely sincere story of the growth of one man from a sensitive boy to a somewhat cynical but wise and tolerant adult." — (2) Marcus Cunliffe, *The Literature of the United States* (Pelican). "An inexpensive, brief, and on the whole satisfactory survey of American literature. The author's lively style and the fact that he writes from a British point of view make the book of more than ordinary interest." — (3) F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*. "Now available in a paperback edition, this is not the best of Fitzgerald, to be sure, but it manages to convey a first-hand and often vivid impression of college life before and after the first world war and of the wild, and yet somehow innocent, social atmosphere of the twenties."

HENRY PETTIT (English) — Gilbert Highet, *Juvenal the Satirist* (Oxford University Press, 1954). "An authoritative and enthusiastic account of the greatest satiric poet who ever lived."

HUGO G. RODECK (Museum) — (1) Francois Bourliere, *The Natural History of Mammals* (translator, H. M. Parshley). "A fascinating collection of observations and curious facts about the mammals of the world; eminently readable, significant for an understanding of the biology and behavior of these animals who often are so like man as to make one uncomfortable." — (2) Ralph S. Palmer, *The Mammal Guide: Mammals of North America North of Mexico* (Doubleday's Pocket Nature Guide Series). "For those who would like a small manual on our mammals, to stand beside their favorite bird book, this is highly recommended. It is sufficiently complete to be usable as a beginning textbook, but sufficiently well written to be eminently useful as a general layman's guide. For the first time the amateur has available a mammal book which will actually enable him to name what he sees in the field, and that without pain. Other volumes in this same series on birds, flowers, fishes, and insects are also to be recommended."

HAROLD F. WALTON (Chemistry) — (1) Felice Benuzzi, *No Picnic on Mount Kenya* (New York: Dutton, 1953). — (2) John Hunt, *The Ascent of Everest* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1953). "The enterprises described in these two books were about as different as two mountaineering expeditions could be. The first tells how the author and two companions escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp in East Africa early in 1943, after eight months of preparation, to climb the snowy peak they saw beyond the barbed wire. They were gone seventeen days with food barely enough to last a week. Yet the book, written in beautiful English, radiates wonder, contentment, and joy. 'It was as though we were living at the beginning of time, before men had begun to give names to things.' In the second Sir John Hunt describes the climax of thirty-two years of patient effort. The simple and restrained style matches the epic theme to make one of the best mountaineering books ever written. Between them, these two books show the lengths to which men will go to climb mountains, and may help to explain why."

authors

(Continued from Page 348)
tioned at Melbourne during the war. His less hilarious publications include articles on Milton and Shakespeare and a book, *The Case for Poetry*.

WILSON CLOUGH ("House in Salem," poem, p. 407) is Professor of English at the University of Wyoming. His stories and poems have appeared in many national and regional magazines. His new book of poems, *Brief Oasis* (Alan Swallow Press, Denver), reprints "Notes Metaphysiques" from the Autumn (1952) *Quarterly*, "Portrait" from the Summer (1953) *Quarterly*, and "House in Salem" from this issue. A story, "Justice is a Word," was published in the Spring (1954) *Quarterly*.

JOSEPH W. COHEN ("Technology and Philosophy," p. 409) is Professor of Philosophy and Director of Honors at the University of Colorado. His

article, which is an adaptation of his address last fall at the Rocky Mountain Modern Language Association, concerns only one aspect of his current study of the role of intellectuals in modern culture.

HENRY BIRNBAUM ("Fort Lincoln Cemetery," poem, p. 420) has published poems in *The Poet* (Scotland), *Fiddlehead* (University of New Brunswick), *Olivant*, and *Flame*. He is Publications Officer of the National Science Foundation, Washington, D. C.

DOROTHY VAN ARK ("The Wind," p. 421) is a newcomer to Colorado and to fiction. Her home on one of the hills east of Boulder affords a maximum exposure to the winds blowing off the Rockies, which provide the "atmosphere" for her story. Her articles about children have appeared in numerous women's magazines, especially *Woman's Day*. Her husband, who does picture stories for

national magazines and advertising agencies, supplies the illustrations for the articles, using their four children as models.

RICHARD FOSTER ("Virginal," poem, p. 431) teaches English at Findlay College in Ohio. He has published a long poem in the *Antioch Review*.

C. N. STAVROU ("Notes on William Faulkner's *A Fable*," p. 432) is Instructor in English and American Studies at the University of Buffalo. Forthcoming publications include "Milton, Byron, and the Devil" in the *University of Kansas City Review*, "A Reassessment of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell" in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, and "The Neurotic Heroine in T. Williams" in *Literature and Psychology*.

ALLISON ROSS ("Game Out of Hand," poem, p. 440) lives in Albuquerque. Her poems have been published in the *American Scholar*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Saturday Review*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and several poetry journals.

HAROLD WITT ("A Bee," poem, p. 441) is reference librarian at the Washoe County Library, Reno, Nevada. His poems have appeared in many of the little magazines and university reviews. *The Colorado Quarterly* published one of his poems in the Summer (1954) issue.

EMILIE GLEN ("Jungle Gym," p. 442) was on the staff of *The New Yorker* for two years, did editorial work for Macmillan's and Crowell-Collier, and is now editor of *Conference Trails*, a publication of the Congregational Church. Her stories have appeared in nine university and national magazines; one was reprinted in *Best American Short Stories—1952*.

ELEANOR LINDSTROM, who designed the cover, is Associate Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Colorado. Her work appears in leading national shows and in several museum collections.

The Colorado Quarterly

Published by

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

VOLUME THREE

Summer, 1954, through Spring, 1955



The Colorado Quarterly

VOLUME III - INDEX

ARTICLES

Another look at <i>The Grapes of Wrath</i>	Warren G. French	337
Ariadne's thread	John Ely Burchard	381
Art with a capital S	L. W. Michaelson	223
Attack on soil conservation, The	David Cushman Coyle	202
Century of Walden, A	Walter Harding	186
Congress—political octopus	Homer Clark	96
Credometer, The	Willis Thornton	107
Detour to Laugherne	Forrest Williams	94
Fact or formula in "western" fiction	Levette J. Davidson	278
<i>Grapes of Wrath</i> : a "wagons west" romance, <i>The</i>	Bernard Bowron	84
Great literary leg-pull, The	Ralph Waterbury Condee	399
Ideas and comments	"Childe Herald" (T. H. Ferril)	43
Journalism in Central India	Floyd K. Baskette	147
Kaleidoscopic Egypt	Carl McGuire	172
Long dimension in Ferril's poetry, The	Robert F. Richards	22
Love of this land, The	Archibald MacLeish	5
<i>Manchester Guardian's</i> America, The	Robert L. Kelley	316
Music in the poems of Thomas Hornsby Ferril	Cecil Effinger	59
On the ranking of cultures	Carroll L. Riley	291
Russia and the Turkish-Pakistan agreement	Ivar Spector	121
Senator or prophet?	Rufus Putney	67
Spain's link with the past	Arthur L. Campa	133
Technology and philosophy	J. W. Cohen	409
Two faces of Soviet foreign policy, The	Robert Paul Browder	251
Westward: controls over the American frontier	Colin B. Goodykoontz	349
What is American about America	John Kouwenhoven	237
William Faulkner's apologia: some notes on <i>A Fable</i>	C. N. Stavrou	432
Who's for culture?	Jack Garlington	330

POEMS

Albert Schweitzer	Geoffrey Johnson	398
And cheap at the price	Norma Farber	131
Arroyo seco	Thomas Hornsby Ferril	39
As the last guest leaves	David Kalugin	314
Autumn	Thomas O. Brandt	214
Bee, A	Harold Witt	441
Bold Slogan	Mary Bynon Matheson	82
Carbide	Cy Cress	200

POEMS

Change	James Binney	229
Cuadrados y angulos	Alfonsina Storni	66
Dialog	Belle Turnbull	91
Fieldpath	William Stafford	380
Fort Lincoln cemetery	Henry Birnbaum	420
Game out of hand	Allison Ross	440
House in Salem	Wilson Clough	407
Idaho potato in vincolis	Helmer O. Oleson	171
In memory of Dylan Thomas	Carl Selph	92
I study the bugs	Gloria Bressler	95
Killed in action	Marion Montgomery	303
Letter from home	Norma Farber	132
Look not for ladies in your women	Norma Farber	131
Lullaby for a mathematician's child	Isotta Cesari	106
Lulled by withers	Thomas Hornsby Ferril	42
Mid-century	Joseph Langland	315
Mr. Pepys' encephalogram	Helmer O. Oleson	171
Mystic's intent	Laurence C. Smith	343
Nothing to say	Louise Darcy	328
Of cats and kings	Willis Thornton	215
Picnic	Carl Selph	93
Poet, The	Helmer O. Oleson	170
Poppy-time	Herbert Bohn Devries	329
Postwar	R. Dargan Thomson	263
Sceptic's defense	Laurence C. Smith	287
Slow runner from the Eocene	Harry C. Morris	277
Smell of the lamp, The	Willis Thornton	215
Snow	Bart Parker	336
Sonnets	Winston Weathers	221
Spectator	William Stafford	379
Stereoscope	August Kadow	77
Stone game, The	August Kadow	78
Swinging	Thomas Hornsby Ferril	39
Teacher bites man	Willis Thornton	215
There were intersections	Thomas Hornsby Ferril	40
To a wastebasket	Lillian Rudolph	368
Tom Sawyer: in memoriam	George Bailin	388
Turtles of Aldabra	Helmer O. Oleson	170
Use of birds, The	August Kadow	77
Virginal	Richard Foster	431
Wilhelmina's lowering	Harold Witt	13
Wind	Bart Parker	158

STORIES

Edge of twilight, The	Roberta Engle Peters	14
Escape, The	Ann Schlee Moore	265
Jungle Gym	Emilie Glen	442

STORIES

Pond, The	Lawrence P. Spingarn	216
Waterhole claim	Dorothy Ballou Strubel	369
White bhagavather	Robin White	159
Wind, The	Dorothy Van Ark	421
Work of art, A	William E. Wilson	79
<i>Yahrzeit</i> , The	Sylvan Karchmer	304

AUTHORS

Bailin, George	288	Langland, Joseph	315
Baskette, Floyd K.	147	McGuire, Carl	172
Binney, James	229	MacLeish, Archibald	5
Birnbaum, Henry	420	Matheson, Mary Bynon	82
Bowron, Bernard	84	Michaelson, L. W.	223
Brandt, Thomas O.	214	Montgomery, Marion	303
Bressler, Gloria	95	Moore, Ann Schleef	265
Browder, Robert Paul	251	Morris, Harry C.	277
Burchard, John Ely	381	Oleson, Helmer O.	170
Campa, Arthur L.	133	Parker, Bart	158, 336
Cesari, Isotta	106	Peters, Roberta Engle	14
Clark, Homer	96	Putney, Rufus	67
Clough, Wilson	407	Richards, Robert F.	22
Cohen, J. W.	409	Riley, Carroll L.	291
Condee, Ralph Waterbury	399	Ross, Allison	440
Coyle, David Cushman	202	Rudolph, Lillian	368
Cress, Cy	200	Selph, Carl	92
Darcy, Louise	328	Smith, Laurence C.	287, 343
Davidson, Levette J.	278	Spector, Ivar	121
Devries, Herbert Bohn	329	Spingarn, Lawrence P.	216
Effinger, Cecil	59	Stafford, William	379
Farber, Norma	131	Stavrou, C. N.	432
Ferril, Thomas Hornsby	39	Storni, Alfonsina	66
Foster, Richard	431	Strubel, Dorothy Ballou	369
French, Warren G.	337	Thomson, R. Dargan	263
Garlington, Jack	330	Thornton, Willis	107, 215
Glen, Emilie	442	Turnbull, Belle	91
Goodykoontz, Colin B.	349	Udick, Bernice	66
Harding, Walter	186	Van Ark, Dorothy	421
Johnson, Geoffrey	398	Weathers, Winston	221
Kadow, August	77	White, Robin	159
Kalugin, David	314	Williams, Forrest	94
Karchmer, Sylvan	304	Wilson, William E.	79
Kelley, Robert L.	316	Witt, Harold	13, 441
Kouwenhoven, John	237		